

ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Vol. XIV.—No. 3.
Copyright, 1894, by PETER FENKON COLLIER.
All rights reserved.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 27, 1894.

TERMS—\$6.50 PER YEAR.
Including Premium Volumes and 26
Bound Novels. [See page 2.]



RT. REV. HENRY CODMAN POTTER,
EPISCOPAL BISHOP OF NEW YORK

ONCE A WEEK

221-247 West Thirtieth Street,
112-244 West Fourteenth Street,
NEW YORK CITY.

TERMS:

ONCE A WEEK, one year, twenty-six paper-covered books (New Novels, and choice of any set of premium books, including works of Irving, Balzac's "Human Comedy," William Carleton, or "Capitaine Corcoran," a superbly illustrated volume, national edges and profusely illustrated). \$6.50
In Canada, British Columbia and Manitoba including freight and duty on premium books. \$7.50

ONCE A WEEK, exclusive of twenty-six paper-covered volumes of Library and the premium books, per year, in United States and Canada. \$3.50

In Canada, ONCE A WEEK and Semi-Monthly Library, exclusive of Premium Volumes. \$4.00

ONCE A WEEK Library, without the newspaper, twenty-six volumes per year. \$2.50
In Canada. \$3.00

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Subscribers' names will be removed from our mail list at the expiration of their subscription, unless they have previously notified us of their desire to renew for another year.

Subscribers will please take notice that one to three weeks must necessarily elapse—dependent upon the distance from New York—from the date of subscription until they receive the first paper sent by mail. The reason is obvious. A subscriber's name is forwarded to the branch office, thence to the head office in New York. At the head office it is registered, and then duly mailed.

Should ONCE A WEEK fail to reach a subscriber weekly, notice should be sent to the publication office, ONCE A WEEK Building, No. 323 West 13th Street, New York, when the complaint will be thoroughly investigated. This can be readily done by sending a "traveler" through the post office. The number of the paper and the number on the wrapper should be given.

PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 323 West 13th Street, New York.

Communications in reference to manuscripts, or connected with the literary department, should be addressed to "ONCE A WEEK," Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless stamps are forwarded with the same for return postage. Bulky manuscripts will be returned by express.

We don't want short stories. All correspondents who send us short stories or poems will be expected to keep copies thereof. We cannot be responsible for their return.

In answering advertisements appearing in the columns of this paper, our readers are particularly requested to always state that they saw the advertisement in ONCE A WEEK.

The publisher will keep the advertising columns free from all objectionable advertisements as far as possible and will not guarantee anything which may appear as paid advertising matter.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1894.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

THAT is the sum and substance of the creed of Henry Coleman Potter, Bishop of New York, as a Christian Socialist. With that simple and beautiful commandment as his sole guide and support, he goes forth to battle against the social wrongs and tyrannies of the day. Is it sufficient? Can we by love conquer all things, even the greed of the sweater and the pride of the capitalist?

THEORETICALLY, we cannot; practically, we cannot. As an ideal, for the man who stands aloof and preaches, it is perfect, and worth striving after. When we enter the domain of practical politics the conquest by love lacks force. Constant dropping may wear away a stone, but for the man who wishes to build a railroad it is infinitely more satisfactory to take a can of blasting powder and sweep away the obstacle. That is the point at which men like Bishop Potter differ from the rest of their Socialist brethren. They are conservative, and change is a thing abhorrent to them. They would rather the people of this world endured its ills and privations, looking to a happier world to come, than that through strife and war, argument and contention, they should blast out a smooth road for the feet of generations unborn.

It may be astonishing to some people to learn that the Bishop of New York is, even in a minor degree, a self-confessed Socialist; and yet he has not striven greatly to hide his opinions. In a recent "conventional" address he made several interesting statements. Take, for example, these three:

"The Church Association for the Advancement of the Interests of Labor in our own land, and the Christian Social Union in England, of both which associations I am proud to confess myself a member."

"Impassioned utterances, exaggerations if you choose, in the interests of the masses as against the classes, is one thing; essentially erroneous teaching in regard to the issues that divide them is another. Let it be clearly stated that there are such things as unjust combinations of employers, a veritable tyranny of capital, profound indifference to the hardships of the man of scanty wage and scantier privileges."

"The social fabric seems to us to involve certain intolerable hardships."

Now one would imagine that after a man of Bishop Potter's calibre had made such statements his next step would be to throw himself heart and soul into any reasonable movement which looked to a destruction of such "unjust combinations," a removal of this "veritable tyranny," a lessening of these "intolerable hardships." But not so the Bishop. Though he understands, to the extent of justifying, those "impassioned utterances in the interests of the masses as against the classes," he cannot bring himself to face the problem as some men face it, with clinched fist and angry face. He believes that he has a better way. He is content to stand on one side and preach of the love which in the end will accomplish all things. In these greater issues

of the day his attitude is somewhat similar to that which he has assumed toward the "good government" men of New York City. At home he moves quietly and his voice is not often heard; at Washington, D. C., he more openly commends Dr. Parkhurst to the Brotherhood of St. Andrew as a brilliant example of a priest who takes an interest in municipal affairs. One can almost hear the drip, drip of the water on the rock as he says it. It is soothing to the ear, but after all to the stalwart reformer the sound of the blasting powder is sweeter music.

AFTER having said so much regarding a sentimental stand on behalf of the downtrodden of the earth, let us take some consolation from that same sentimentality. It is foolish to deny that sentiment, after all, is one of the great forces that sway the minds of men. Many a good man in high social position has the power to influence a class of the community that is untouched by the sidewalk orator, the writer on social economy, or even the advocate of sound social reform. They turn a deaf ear to the impassioned utterances of the lower-caste man, but to the cooing of the ecclesiastical dove they listen in ecstasy. And all the time the dove is gently murmuring of "intolerable hardships," and "veritable tyranny," and of course the "love" which in the end will conquer all these things. For a time the Episcopal solution may suffice, but one day the listeners wake to the fact that while these things are stern realities the millennium of love is still a long way off. Then, if they have any grit or valor in them at all, they gird on the armor of the reformer and go forth to battle on very different lines. And all the time the cause of those who have long before taken the field against tyranny has been materially aided by the knowledge that among those they specially desire to reach the knowledge of the wrong has been gently and deftly, and indeed wisely, diffused.

AND yet it is impossible to forgive altogether the man who takes sentimental views on labor and kindred questions. A man possessing much liberal knowledge, wielding much influence, deft of tongue and easy of speech, with his hand on a hundred controlling wires, might to-day do great things for which the people of this and succeeding generations would remember him with gratitude. Whenever a great evil reared its head, his voice might be the first to denounce it and his hand the first to strike a blow. With such a leader the people might secure great privileges; and when a man has all the apparent essentials for the position of a leader, it is not well for him to lack the courage of his convictions.

IN spite of the timorous waverings of some there can be no doubt that the social condition of the people is the question of paramount interest with thinking men in all civilized countries to-day. How otherwise would it be possible for a Bishop to broach the matter, even in the most tentative and tactful manner, in a Diocesan Convention? The air is filled with questions regarding the condition of the laboring classes. They are asked every day in the press and in the pulpit, in clubs, assemblies, and in cabinets. In the most unexpected quarters appear books and treatises showing that their authors, though unknown, have been patiently studying these problems with an unselfish desire to aid the world in unraveling them. Labor casts a controlling vote in the German Reichstag and holds a powerful position in the English House of Commons. In the United States the labor world is constantly seething with new agitation. Never was there such need of strong leaders, able to control and direct the new forces and desires that are working their way continually to the surface. With all due respect to the theory that love may bring about a millennium in some far-off distant age, it is not out of place to suggest that there is a want of something stronger than that just now to blast a smooth way for man over the rocky pathway of social reform.

JAMES ARBOTT McNEILL WHISTLER is not only an American but a West Pointer, as was his father before him. He is sixty years old, and settled in England at the age of twenty-three.

FIELD MARSHAL YAMAGATA organized the first cavalry troop in the Land of the Rising Sun.

BUSINESS is still waiting the development of retail trade. Wholesale dealers in nearly all lines are resting on their oars till such time as the retail trade shows more distinctly what it is going to do.

VENEZUELAN troops have occupied the disputed territory claimed by the British as part of Guiana. The country is rich in gold. Right is on the side of the Venezuelans, but where valuable territory is concerned England's conscience is generally subservient to her cupidity.

PROSPECTORS report the discovery of caverns in the sides of Cajon Peak, California, rivaling Mammoth Cave in size and interesting features.

It has always been the policy of this paper to allow all sides to be heard—even when, as often happens, cor-

respondents differ radically with the views editorially expressed. But all letters addressed to the editor for publication should be couched in courteous language. Abuse is no argument. I am moved to these remarks by a letter before me coming from a correspondent who evidently misunderstands or chooses to misrepresent an article published in ONCE A WEEK on September 22, in which the editor remarked that "the Republican party will make a still graver blunder than that charged to the Democratic if they use their present advantage to disturb the country again by tariff agitation."

THIS is the irate correspondent, John J. Smith by name, calls "editorial cowardice," which he asserts was born of the fear that "the subscription list would suffer." To regular readers of this paper it is unnecessary to observe that no paper has been bolder or more consistent in its utterances than ONCE A WEEK. Mr. Smith must be only a transient reader, or he never could have ascribed such motives to ONCE A WEEK.

WHAT ONCE A WEEK has urged before and still urges is that tariff and currency should not be made mere party questions; that both questions should be committed to the care of able commissions, non-partisan in their composition, and that whatever changes may be considered necessary should be made only after careful and quiet deliberation; that the periodical agitations in Congress and out of Congress only unsettle business and accomplish, very seldom, useful results. Tariff and currency are not fit subjects for debate by men who have never given them even superficial study. They are subjects that present difficult problems even for the most enlightened minds, and should only be discussed by men of ripe judgment and cool temperament.

FIVE hundred plans and projects for the Paris Exhibition of 1900 have been submitted to the Ministry of Commerce.

PRICES in cotton and wheat have again smashed all former low records.

THERE are few members of the United States Senate who are not lawyers. A majority of them are rich men, and nearly all the Southern Senators were Confederate officers or members of the Confederate Senate or Congress. Several Senators are serving their fourth term, among these being Daniel Wolsey Voorhees of Indiana and William B. Allison of Iowa.

THE output of Arizona's gold mines for this year will be double that of last and last year's output doubled that of 1892. Nature is doing her best to make Arizona rich, but her bounty is appropriated by a handful of monopolists. Solid bars of gold might be found in Arizona's mines, and under the present system of land ownership only the proprietors would be benefited. Nature is ready enough to enrich all her children, but as long as they allow a few of their number to appropriate all her bounties pauperism and industrial slavery must continue.

OUT of one hundred and nine policemen convicted of crime, it is said only four were dismissed.

PHILADELPHIA claims to be the largest manufacturing city in the world. The largest carpet mills, the largest saw factories, and the most extensive rope factories and locomotive works are located there.

ONE of the notable events of the season will be the Loan Exhibition of Portraits of Women to be held next month at the National Academy of Design. All the paintings have been received, and the list includes the work of many great artists. A few selections from the catalogue include the following: Mrs. R. L. Cutting, by Cabanel; Mrs. Adrian Iselin, by Sargent; Mrs. Devereux Emmet, by Derving; Miss Trask, by Eastman Johnson; Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, by Leffevre; Mrs. S. J. Colgate, by Bertier; Mrs. Paul Tuckerman, by George B. Butler; Mrs. Lucius K. Wilmerding, by Bounat; Miss Beatrix Jones and Miss Crowninshield, by Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears; Mrs. George F. Baker, by Dagnan-Bouveret; Mrs. Wilton Phipps, by Sargent; Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, by Wyatt Eaton; Mrs. Richard Grant White, by Thayer; and Mrs. Seward Webb, Mrs. Duncan Elliot, Mrs. George De Forest, Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor, Mrs. Haver-meyer, Mrs. Henry M. Marquand, Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Astor, Miss Emily Sloane, Miss Amy Bend, Mrs. J. A. Burden, Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Stanford White, Mrs. Francis Hoppin, Miss De Wolfe, Mrs. Richard M. Hunt, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, Mrs. R. T. Wilson, Miss Leila Wilson, Miss Grace Wilson, and Mrs. Spencer. The exhibition will be opened to the public on November 1. It will undoubtedly be a brilliant one and as much of a social function as the annual charity ball.

GRAND DUKE MICHAEL, brother of the Czar, is a Liberal in politics.

JUDGE WALLACE, of San Francisco, recently sentenced John Joy to life imprisonment under the Habitual Criminal act. Joy robbed a man of five dollars.

In Belgium every man over twenty-five and not a pauper has one vote. If he is over thirty-five, married, a widower or a father, and pays the dollar a year inhabited house tax, he has two votes. A university degree gives him three votes.

THERE were six hundred and thirty-four strikes in France last year.

THE unhappy Celestials are not only confronted by the warlike Japs, but by armed Chinese rebels as well. The Kulaowhei Society is especially active about Hun-kow. The loyal troops that opposed it were quickly routed, two mandarins and many soldiers being killed.

THERE is a report that China recently offered to acknowledge the independence of Korea and to pay a war indemnity if Japan would cease hostilities, and that the offer had been rejected. It is not likely that the Chinese Emperor has made overtures. The above terms are so near the utmost that the European Powers will allow Japan to demand that it is probable they would have received consideration if offered.

RAY CITY, MICH., Oct. 6, 1894.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":
DEAR SIR—In your issue of this date you hesitate to predict editorially who will be the next Governor of New York. I am confident all your readers would be interested in comparing the horoscopes of the two candidates. Why not allow ONCE A WEEK's astrologer to predict who will be the winner, not later than your issue of October 28th?
Very truly yours, V. WINFIELD O'BRIEN.

ONCE A WEEK's astrologer has *carte blanche*. No restriction is placed upon his freedom of prediction. But it must be understood that all astrologers claim that an essential condition of accuracy is a knowledge of hour and place of birth. Without such knowledge approximately correct horoscopes are probable, but never certain.

IF Port Arthur has really been captured by the Japanese, as reported, it is an important event and must hasten the end. It was one of the best strongholds of the Chinese and the place where their fleet was repaired and refitted after the disastrous battle off the Yaloo River. All the signs point now to a decisive fight at Kuenchenoa, in and about which the Chinese have a force of twenty-five thousand soldiers awaiting the onslaught of Field Marshal Yamagata's victorious troops.

RUSSIA is evidently preparing to demand a share of Celestial spoils if any are to be divided. She has a strong fleet of warships at Vladivostok and her Cossacks along the Amoor await only the command to march. Besides these she has thirty thousand soldiers at Irkutsk who could enter Manchuria in a few days.

ONE-FOURTH of the inhabitants of Venice are paupers.

A PLEASANT little surprise has been presented at the European love feast by *la belle France*. Her Government conferred the Cross of the Legion of Honor on Captain von Susskind, German military attaché at Paris. And Alsace and Lorraine still pay tribute to the Kaiser!

I AM glad to confess some pride in the excellent pictures of the Republican nominees, ex-Vice-President Levi P. Morton and Charles T. Saxton, which appear in this issue. Similar portraits of the Democratic candidates for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, Senator David B. Hill and Daniel N. Lockwood, will be published next week.

STRONG and Grant! Those two names would sound well together in a campaign shout, but they are as far apart as Republican and Democratic mayoralty candidates can well be. Their portraits appear on another page.

A FULL page is devoted to pictures of Princeton's famous football team this week, and the descriptive article, on page 6, was written by a Princeton man. The football season has fairly begun and claims much of the interest devoted to baseball until the close of the Temple Cup games. Next week pictures of Yale's great team will be presented to readers of ONCE A WEEK, while the playing, hopes and prospects of the New Haven boys will be written of by one who knows his subject.

THE message of condolence sent by the Prince of Wales to the family of Oliver Wendell Holmes was considerably delayed by attendant formalities. It was transmitted to Secretary Walter Q. Gresham by Mr. W. E. Goshen of the British Embassy. The Secretary of State sent the message to Governor Greenhalge of Massachusetts to be formally delivered.

The Lady's Pictorial, referring to the latest literary sensation, "The Green Carnation," gives this extract from what it calls its "exaggerated nonsense" and "exquisite piece of fooling": "My wife proposed to me, and I refused her. Then she went and put up some things called hams, I believe. Afterward she sent me a white waistcoat in a brown paper parcel, and told me to meet her at a certain church on a certain day. I declined.

She came in a hired carriage—a thing like a large deep bath, with two enormously fat parti-colored horses—to fetch me. To avoid a scene I went with her, and I understand that we were married. But the color of the window behind the altar was so atrocious, and the design—of Herodias carrying about the head of John the Baptist on a dish—so inartistically true to life, that I could not possibly attend to the service."

It is probable that the French forces in Madagascar will be re-enforced by twelve thousand troops. That means trouble on the big island. France will take as much as the other Powers will let her have there. But she has no rights in the premises, and I can't see how England could witness the landing of twelve thousand French soldiers in Madagascar and hold her peace. The European Governments go on

"The simple rule, the good old plan
That he shall take who hath the power,
And he shall keep who can."

THEY can't leave the Grand Old Man in peace even now that he has retired from the whirl of political life. The last rumor about Gladstone, to the effect that he intended to become a clergyman, is rather vigorously repudiated by the G. O. M.

JEROME K. JEROME has just edited a book entitled "My First Book," to which various prominent writers of the day have contributed chapters setting forth the story of their early attempts at literature. A writer in the last number of *Vanity Fair*, commenting in a satirical spirit on the contents of this volume, says: "Another thing that strikes one is the fact that so few successful novelists seem to have had any education in the sense in which you and I, dear *Vanity*, understand the word. True, Mr. Besant writes himself 'M.A.' on his book-plate; Mr. Grant Allen was a master at several public schools, and Mr. Rider Haggard private secretary to Sir Theophilus Shepstone. But Mr. Sims and Mr. Jerome were vaguely 'in business,' Mr. Kipling and Mr. Christie Murray in newspaper offices, Mr. Zangwill a pupil teacher at an elementary school, and Mr. Morley Roberts a shepherd, when Phœbus touched their trembling ears and directed their attention to literature. Mr. Clark Russell went aboard a merchantman at thirteen; and that best of boy-story tellers, Mr. Ballantyne, at twenty-two was in charge of an outpost of the Hudson's Bay Company. It seems clear that if you want your boy to be a successful novelist you had better save yourself the deuced expenses of Harrow and Trinity, or even of Clifton and a small college, and adopting the plan of Mr. Weller, senior, 'Let him run about the streets and shift for himself.' Thus will he gain a knowledge of life which is not to be learned in classrooms and playing-fields."



DRAMATIS PERSONA.—Grover Cleveland, President of the United States.

SCENE.—Library at Gray Gables. G. C. discovered gazing from a window upon the storm-tossed Bay.

CLEVELAND (mournfully).—"Alas! 'tis a condition, not a theory, that confronts me. To sulk or not to sulk, that is the question. By a few words, written with that faithful stubbed pen of mine which has sent thundering down the ages so many pithy and pertinent epigrams, I might turn Hill's threatening Waterloo into an Austerlitz." (Points his finger toward the raging sea.) "But my mind is like the ocean, worried and tossed by conflicting winds and tides. Party loyalty, gratitude for help at a crisis and the possibility of a third term impel me to say a few ringing words to help David on his way. But David is a Democrat at all times of the day and night; and I am—I am—well, what the dickens am I? Sometimes I find it hard to say. But one thing is certain—I am not a Hill Democrat. There are Democrats and Democrats, and between David and myself a great gulf is fixed."

(Turns from the window and throws himself wearily into a chair before an open fire.)

"Is this—oh, can it be an attack of querulous impracticability? I feel the same old symptoms that have often sent me a-fishing for tantog when my party and my country demanded an expression of opinion from my weary and distraught mind. There was a time when I took pleasure in supporting the candidates of my party; but how long ago that seems! I can see from that window on a clear day the battered hull of a great ship that once rejoiced in the battles of the waves and winds, that once proudly rose on the breast of the heaving sea and rushed forward on its course undaunted by the dangers of the deep. Now it lies in the lee of a towering rock and dreads the war of elements, the conflicts of the ocean that it ruled. Sometimes, when I dream of my past and compare it with the present, I feel like taking a brush and a pail of paint and inscribing on the gunwale of that dismantled ship the name 'Grover Cleveland.'"

(Arises, and takes from a cabinet a small bottle bearing the inscription: "Godkin's Mugwump Tonic, to be Used Sparingly." Takes a teaspoonful of the mixture in a little water.)

"But, come, come, why should I despair? Think of my career! It is unparalleled in the history of the land and no other country can find its equal. I, of all men, can afford to be independent. Think of the men who rally at my word! Think of their standing in the

community! They love me for the enemies I have made. Why shouldn't they? And one of the men they detest is David Bennett Hill. The lean and hungry Cassius! Would he were fatter!" (His face grows less stern.) "Poor, unlucky Hill! He has his good points. I am not such a stuffy old egotist that I can't appreciate the cleverness of the man. But David's slippery! It is true that he came to my support when I needed a champion in the Senate. It is true that gratitude should lead me to repay him at this crisis for his aid. But Dave's slippery! I don't like a slippery man. I am solid as a rock, and that's the kind of man I like. After all, politics—that is, my kind of politics—is based



"GODKIN'S MUGWUMP TONIC."

to a great extent on personal likes and dislikes. By the way, the first Mugwump was Satan. He didn't like Adam, and so he turned him down. I wouldn't say that to Gilder. It might shock him. Godkin wouldn't mind, though. That ribald Dana is always talking about Larry's 'Divvie.' I think Dana knows that the first Mugwump was Satan. But, in that case, I don't understand why Dana doesn't like the Mugwump of today. But there is no pleasure or profit in speculating about Dana. I gave that up long ago as a waste of time. Nevertheless, I can't forget that Dana is booming Hill for Governor. If Hill could get the *Sun*, *World*, *Times* and the Democratic newspapers up the State to attack him and could win the support of the *Evening Post* my task at present would be an easy one. I would come out in a manifesto made up of a few uncontrovertible propositions, several stinging epigrams and a reference to the higher ideals, and David would gain at least a hundred votes in the Reform Club."

(A heavy gust of wind strikes the house. Grover's air of gloom returns.)

"But why do I chase the illusive sunshine while the storm still rages? The trouble with that Mugwump Tonic is that it makes one more cheerful while its influence lasts, but when the effects of the dose wear off the gloom of existing circumstances returns with ten-fold force."

(He walks to the window and again gazes at the storm.)

"Alas! how dark and dreary is the day. I wish—but what's the use of wishing? I can't go a-fishing, and I won't write to Hill. I'm a-weary of the world. What is it Shakespeare makes poor Wolsey say?"

"I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must forever hide me!"
(Weeps. Slow music. Curtain.)

OUR OWN CHAUNCEY.

(From *London Saturday Review*, Oct. 6.)

(Asked if the British people were able to follow any of his jokes, he replied that his experience of that nation led him to believe that they took things seriously.—Extract from interview in *New York Bay* with distinguished American humorist.)

MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW!

Is it positively true
That you found our native humor
Quite corroborate the rumor
Current in the sparkling West,
Namely, that we never jest?

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew!
While the breeze of welcome blew,
Up and down where'er you romped, you
Trotted out a fresh unproven
Of the sort you have in stock
When you sample port or hock.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew!
Do we understand that you
Riddled us with scintillations,
Each productive of ovations
When you stood there, over there,
And that no one turned a hair?

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew!
From your recent interview
We infer that, though our leading
Spirits flocked to see you feeding,
Not a soul among the lot
Ever got upon the spot.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew!
We may try till all is blue:
Yet in vain persevere to catch your
Quips so ready, or to match your
Conversation frequently
Opened with a repartee.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew!
Pity is our proper due;
We are dying to be funny,
But we can't for love or money
Learn the royal road to wit,
Save you kindly show us it.

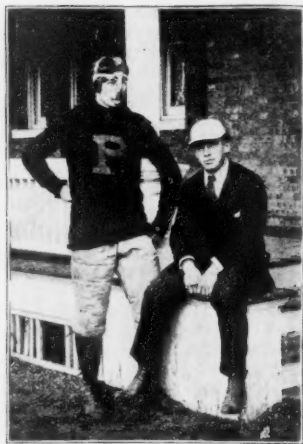
Mr. Chauncey M. Depew!
From the land where life is new,
Where creation freely twinkles
(Even down to pertinences),
Come again, and give us wrinkles;
Come and linger longer, do,
Mr. Chauncey M. Depew!



TURNER TYLER CARR VANDERBILT JOHNSON
BURN DICKET
CHURCH EDWARDS
HAYWARD LEE TAYLOR WHEELER BARNETT WILLIAMS HULLAND
MC CARTHER STALL TOWNSEND
ARMSTRONG RYAN DEER



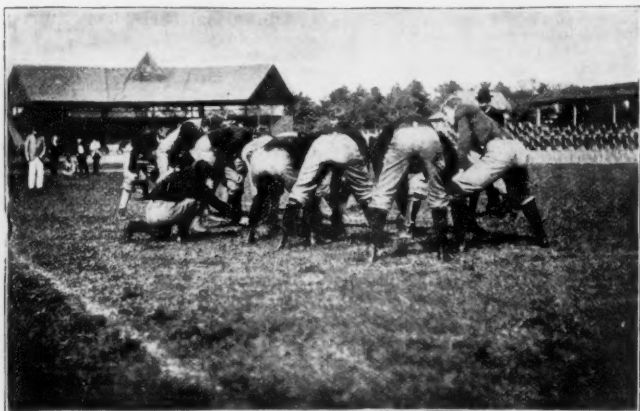
"JACK" M. MASTER
THE PRINCETON TRAINER



LONG RIGHT TUCKER
WEARING OUT LAST YEAR
AND ARE SEPTIORS
DILL KINN, PRINCETON'S CHIEF
COUNCIL



KING, COACHING THE MEN ON THE FIELD



HOW THE TEAM LOOKS LINED UP.

VARITY HAS THE BALL WHICH IS ABOUT TO BE PUT INTO PLAY

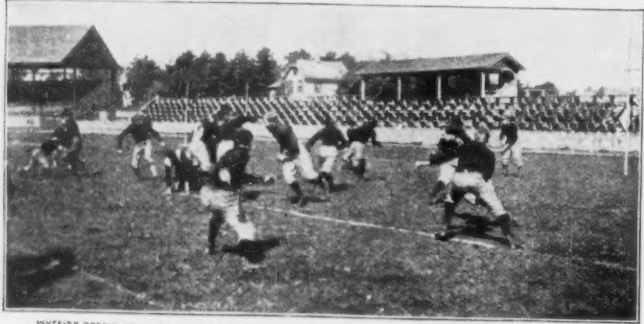


CAPTAIN TREKLEND
WARNING HIS MEN PRACTICE

POE AT QUARTER GIVING THE SIGNAL FOR THE BALL TO BE SHIPPED.



POE VI. QUARTER-BACK PASSING THE BALL AFTER THE SHIP-DECK



WHEELER BREAKS THROUGH AND BLOCKS A KICK

TYLER PLAYING FULLBACK ON THE "SCUD" SIDE



TAYLOR, RIGHT QUARTER, BREAKS THROUGH THE "SCUDS" INTERFERENCE AND TACKLES THE MAN WITH THE BALL



LIVELY SCRAMBLE



FIRST DOWN FOR THE VARITY. WARD HAS THE BALL

A GAME OF FOOTBALL AT PRINCETON.

From Photos by our Staff Photographer.

(See page 6.)



COLONEL W. L. STRONG,
THE REFORM NOMINEE FOR MAYOR OF NEW YORK.



HUGH J. GRANT,
THE TAMMANY NOMINEE FOR MAYOR OF NEW YORK.



DR. PARKHURST JOINING HANDS WITH THE ANTI-TAMMANY LADY CRUSADERS AFTER HIS SPEECH AT THE Y. M. C. A. HALL, OCT. 12

Two LYRICS

I.—FLOWER GIRLS.

I know a girl who's a pansy,
Wistful and shy of face,
Yet with her lovely and wildwood air
Blending patrician grace.

I know a girl who's an orchid,
Symmetry's choicest mold,
Body and soul as by sculpture wrought,
Both statuesquely cold.

I know a girl who's a red rose,
Passionate, proud, yet sweet;
I know a girl who's a white rose,
Pensive, serene, discreet.

But ah, one girl, who's a rose-in-bloom,
Is dearer than all to me,
While my love o'er the opening leaves of
her life

Hangs poised like a buoyant bee!

II.—BROWN EYES.

Is one maid's eyes, demurely blue,
Coy lips of nuth conquest;
Another maid's, gray-green of hue,
Are sea-mist flecked with fire;
In yet another's, darkly deep,
Shy flames of shadowy passion sleep.

But dowered for me with dearer worth
Are one more maid's rich eyes,
Brown like the old brown human earth,
Yet starred like midnight skies—
As though in their warm glooms 'twere
given

That earth should interblend with
heaven!

—EDGAR FAWCETT.

FOOTBALL AT PRINCETON

PRINCETON, N. J., Oct. 20, 1894.

FOR many years Princeton was looked on as the "home of football." Just why, it would be hard to say. The college game did not originate with her. She did not adopt the present Rugby game till Harvard and Yale had done so. Perhaps the reason may be found in this fact: Princeton, with a smaller number of students, was able, year after year, to put a team in the field that coped successfully with Yale and Harvard.

Since the formation of the Intercollegiate Football Association in 1877 Princeton has held the championship seven times; twice since the game reached its modern development. In 1889 she defeated Harvard by a score of 44 to 15, and Yale 10 to 0. Then, for three years, fortune failed the New Jersey boys, and the coveted championship sought a New England home, staying one year at Harvard and two at Yale. Last year Princeton brought back the honor to Old Nassau by defeating Yale 6 points to 0.

Princeton has not played Harvard since '89, and the prospects of the two teams meeting this year are doubtful. The University of Pennsylvania withdrew from the League last year, so the result of the present season will be virtually decided by the Princeton-Yale game. The probable outcome of this year's contest is the subject of much conjecture on the part of football experts.

The new modifications in the playing rules, it is believed, will eliminate much of the roughness. They make the game more open, and therefore more satisfactory for spectators. A game where the ball is kicked often admits of far more possibilities, and in this respect the new rules are a great improvement.

The training facilities at Princeton are the best. The new Osborne club-house, the parting gift of Professor Osborne, where the men are cared for during the season, is one of the finest in the country, and the supervision

MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.

A large handsome Map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifteen cents in postage by P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ill.

of the players, both during practice and at other times, is essentially good; for strictness in this regard is of the utmost importance in training.

The men are usually placed under a professional trainer. The uses of tobacco and alcoholic drinks are strictly prohibited. Regularity in eating and sleeping is observed. Trainer "Jack" McMaster of Princeton is with the team for the fourth season. Then there is the coaching committee, one of the most important features of football, both in practice and in the regular games. The coaches, who take positions along the side lines, have a secret way of communicating with the captains, thereby rendering valuable service during the plays.

This year for the first time Princeton has thoroughly organized coaching. J. B. Fine, an old centre rush on the team, is head coach and has complete charge of this department, while "Phil" King, the famous quarter back of last year, has charge of the men while on the field. Moffatt, Riggs, George Cash, Janeway, Ames, and a dozen others of football fame, will assist. Fine does the theoretical part, and may be said to be to Princeton what DeLang is to Harvard. Eight of last year's "eleven" are in college—Trenchard, Brown, Lea, Holly, Wheeler, Taylor, Morse and Ward. The positions of centre, quarter back and full back alone remain to be filled, and there is abundance of good material in college for these vacancies. Of the new men who are practicing there are few heavy-weights suitable for the rush line, but there are many who give promise of becoming good runners.

There are about forty men in training, and from this number the regular "varsity" team will be chosen. Of course the men who played on the team last year stand a pretty good show of holding their old positions for another season; but shifting is always possible, and none of them can be practically certain of their places. However, Wheeler and Taylor as guards, and Lea and Holly as tackles, are hard men to beat, and should fill their respective places. Balliet, centre rush for the last two years, is among the missing, and Crowdis, substitute last year, is much talked of for the place. His playing is not what it should be, but his experience last season on the scrub team against Balliet gives him an advantage over other candidates. Crowdis also has the size and build, weighing about two hundred and twenty pounds in training, and, with a little more spirit in his play, might be a hard man to beat out. Riggs, a Sophomore—a brother of the famous "Jesse" of '89, '90 and '91—is a promising candidate for centre, and is giving Crowdis no little trouble in the practice games. Riggs weighs two hundred pounds, is not quite six feet in height and possesses much of Jesse's ability. Mougey, '95, and Rhodes, '97, have also been given a trial at centre. At the present Crowdis comes first and Riggs second, but the problem of selection is something that time only can solve.

Flanking centre on either side stand Wheeler and Taylor as guards, practically certain of their positions, having come honestly by them and being hard, steady players. Wheeler is playing left guard on the team for the fourth year, and is the best guard on any of the college teams. He weighs over two hundred pounds, and is remarkably quick. He runs frequently with the ball and can usually be depended on for good gains. Taylor is probably the lightest guard in any of the big colleges, only weighing about one hundred and eighty pounds; but his strength and agility enable him to successfully handle heavier opponents. He is a strong, aggressive player, but not as good a ground gainer as Wheeler when running with the ball. He breaks through the line very quickly, and usually gets down the field on a kick as soon as the ends and the tackles. He blocks hard in the line, and in the interference is usually in all of the plays.

Rhodes, '97, and Mougey, '95, are playing the best game at guard on the college team, and will be reliable substitutes in case of accident. In Lea and Holly Captain Trenchard has two excellent tackles. Holly has played left tackle for Princeton three seasons and Lea two. Holly has grown heavier, weighing two hundred and ten pounds. He will undoubtedly train down within the two hundred limit. He will then weigh twenty pounds more than last year, and if this increase lessens his speed it may make a difference in his playing, as he was very useful in interfering for the backs in the end plays. He is a good ground gainer and is hard to tackle. As many of the best plays are performed nowadays around and through the tackles, the ideal man for the place should be one of the largest and strongest on the team, so Holly's qualifications ought to make him a fixture. Lea is not Holly's equal in size and strength, but is quicker and understands

better how to use his energies. He played full back at St. Paul's School, so he has had much experience running with the ball, and is a plucky ground gainer. He weighs one hundred and eighty pounds, and is a very swift runner. He does not break through the line as quickly as Holly, but is better in the interference.

Armstrong, Stewart and Gilmore are Freshmen who give some promise of becoming fine tackles in time, but they are not in demand at present except as substitutes.

At end the problem becomes a little more uncertain. Brown and Captain Trenchard, last year's end rushers, are both in college, but among the new material some very promising candidates for end presented themselves; and while a change is not likely, there is a possibility of one of them making a place for himself on the team. Cochran, who captained the Lawrenceville team last year, is probably the most promising man for end in college, after Trenchard and Brown. At the beginning of the season Captain Trenchard transferred himself to quarter back and Cochran was booked for right end, but the experiment was unsatisfactory, and in the game with Rutgers Trenchard went back to right end. So if a fair quarter back can be found elsewhere, Cochran will have to content himself as first substitute this year, or beat Brown out at left end, which is very improbable. Trenchard and Brown are two of the best ends in the country. Trenchard is a trifle heavier than last year and has not changed his style of play. Brown is considerable lighter, only weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, but may regain his weight. If not, it is doubtful if he will be as effective this year.

Behind the line very little is settled regarding who shall play the positions. Ward and Morse, last year's half backs, are playing again. The problem that is vexing the managers most is the selection of a quarter back. Morse should make a good man for the place. He weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds, is of medium height and strong build, and is quick and determined. Poe, '97, a brother of John and Edgar Allen Poe, of football fame, plays well at quarter, but he is too light for the place and not likely to be chosen. Ward, last year's right half back, finished the season grandly. He scored the only four points against Pennsylvania and made the touchdown against Yale on Thanksgiving Day. So he is naturally looked upon as a fixture at half. His style of playing this year is essentially the same as last—cool and heady. He follows his interference well and is a plucky ground gainer. At full back Burt is the most promising man, with Tyler a close substitute. Burt's kicking equals that of Blake's last year, but he is less steady and has shown a tendency to be careless at times. Burt weighs one hundred and sixty-four pounds, is a swift runner and hits the line hard. He ought to make a good man to guard the goal posts. With Morse at quarter, Burt at full, Ward at right half, and with McCormick, Barnett, Rosengarten, Voorhis and Riter to furnish him another half, Captain Trenchard ought to have a promising set of backs to meet any team that may choose to enter the field this year.—(See page 4.)

W. W. BEVERIDGE.

AUTUMN TWILIGHT.

PEACEFULLY the sun is sinking
To its couch of fiery red;
Silently the leaves are falling
To their cheerless Winter bed.
Merrily the robins gather,
Planning for their southward flight;
Musically, soon will whisper
All the voices of the night.

—H. W. THORNE.

"ONCE A WEEK" Horoscope Coupon.

Name,

Address,

(Not for publication.)

Year. Month. Day of Month. Hour.

Date of birth,

State, or Country.

Town.

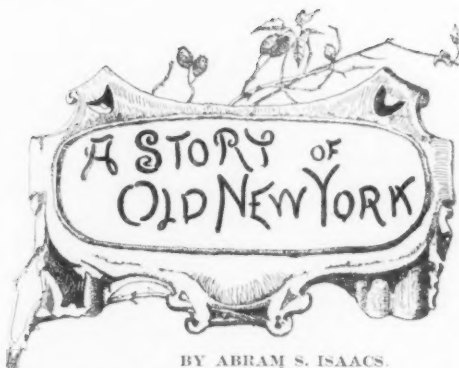
Where born,

Sex,

LACKAWANNA—NICKEL PLATE THROUGH CAR ARRANGEMENT.

On Sunday, Oct. 7th, a new through palace Buffet Sleeping car line will be established between New York and Chicago, via the D. L. & W. and the Nickel Plate Railroads. Trains will leave New York at 7:30 p.m., arriving in Chicago at 9:35 the next evening. Superb Dining Cars from Buffalo. Lowest rates.

There is a vast difference between merely "papering" a room and "decorating" it. Any paper will cover the walls, but to "decorate" it requires well made, reliable wall paper in harmonious colorings and latest designs. There is also a vast difference in cost. The old style, inferior papers carried by local dealers cost twice as much as the new style decorative wall papers, when secured from Alfred Peats, the largest wall paper dealer in the United States. New designs can be bought from 3 cents a roll upward. His "Guide How to Paper and Economy in Home Decoration" will tell you all about it—how to get a \$50 effect for \$5. Send 10c for postage on samples of wall paper, and the "Guide" will be sent free. Address Alfred Peats, 136 West Madison St., Chicago, or 30 and 32 West 13th St., New York City.



"FORGIVE him, father!" cried the young girl, "forgive him! He did not break the vase purposely."

"Nay, my young daughter," replied Mr. Vantiburgh. "You have begged him off a dozen times, but now he must pay the penalty, and at my hands, too. Come, kneel down, you black sinner!"

"Father, you would not whip him for such a trivial matter. You know how Cuffee always tries to do his best."

"My daughter, you seem to have forgotten the lesson of respect to your parents which was the good pastor's subject in his last Sabbath's sermon. Anna, leave the room at once, and anger me no more." Mr. Vantiburgh's countenance flashed with rage and he clinched the whip more tightly.

With a beseeching look at her father, Anna retired, and as she closed the door she heard the resounding lash, but not a groan or a word from the sullen negro.

"The next time you are careless, Cuffee," said Mr. Vantiburgh, coolly, as he hung up the whip and bade the negro rise—"the next time, Cuffee, you will not escape so easily. I shall send you to the jail and let you have a taste of prison attentions. Be off!"

The negro raised his eyes a moment and let them rest on his master with a look of hatred which happily was not seen by Mr. Vantiburgh, who was filling his Dutch pipe with the choicest tobacco.

"What are you waiting for, Cuffee?" he exclaimed, suddenly turning around. "Be off, I say!"

"Ah, Captain Morris, that is kind of you to pay a neighborly visit," said Mr. Vantiburgh, as a tall and handsomely dressed gentleman entered. "Now I shall have all the news from the war. Has peace been proclaimed in Europe? Surely Marlborough has been gaining a host of victories."

"I am in a bad humor to-day, friend Vantiburgh. I care not for Marlborough. My black servant gave me such impertinence this morning that I ordered him flogged."

"Why, I have just punished Cuffee. The rascal broke my most precious vase."

"I don't know what has come over the blacks of late. They are getting more and more incorrigible."

"Perhaps we are too lenient, Captain," suggested Mr. Vantiburgh.

"No, by my honor, that is no fault of mine. Spare the slave and spoil the slave, that is my motto. To change the subject, have you heard how the town has increased in population?"

"That is good news—to learn of its increase; but pray how large now is New York in numbers?"

"The latest returns give 4,848 whites."

"That is a prodigious increase, which must please our good Governor Hunter," rejoined Mr. Vantiburgh, puffing vigorously at his pipe.

"Yes, and there are 970 blacks," added the Captain.

"Too many of them," exclaimed his host. "Too many of them for my comfort, if they are all like Cuffee. But I had no idea there were nearly a thousand of them."

"I have seven," said the Captain. "The Widow Van Cortlandt has nine and Colonel De Peyster has as many, Rip Van Dam counts six, the fair Widow Philipse seven, and—"

"Balthazar Bayard," observed Mr. Vantiburgh, "has, I know, six, and they told me the other day that William Smith, of the Manor of St. George, has twelve. They will soon outnumber us at this rate."

"There is only one remedy," said the Captain, gazing at the wall where hung the stout whip. "Spare the slave and spoil the slave. Follow that principle and you will soon note a change for the better. Yes, indeed, we are all too merciful, are we not?" And laughing heartily, the Captain took his leave.

It was a few minutes before midnight, April 6, 1712. The orchard of Mr. Crooks, which was in the centre of the town, witnessed a strange gathering. Twenty-three blacks, armed with swords, guns, knives and hatchets, met in secret conclave. They had resolved to break the bon which fettered them. Many years of cruel treatment had aroused them to an uncontrollable frenzy. Their natures, patient so long, were incited to fever heat by the fierce rage of a class of Spanish Indians among them, originally "white men, subjects of the King of Spain, but who, having been captured by privateers on Spanish ships, had been cruelly sold into slavery by their captors, their swarthy complexions giving color to the claim that they were West Indian negroes. These added a dangerous element of intelligence to the situation."

What a savage band in the peaceful orchard! They spoke in whispers only, held firmly their weapons, and were waiting for a signal.

"Where is Cuffee?" asked one of the leaders. "It is almost midnight. He has not arrived. Is he playing us false?"

A rustling noise was heard, as Cuffee sprang among them, scattering far and wide the low bushes that obstructed his path.

* Wilson's "Memorial History of the City of New York," iv., 139, where full particulars of the first negro insurrection in New York, based upon Governor Hunter's account, are given.

"Have you fired Vantiburgh's barn?" a number inquired, with flashing eyes.

"Oh, I cannot, cannot," was the answer.

"What! has your master changed his tactics and given you kisses instead of blows?" exclaimed Diego, a tall, swarthy Spaniard.

"Only a few hours ago the bound lashed me," said Cuffee, half sobbing. "But Missy is so kind. She brought me food and drink. I cannot do anything to cause her pain. She tried to calm her father. She is gentle to black and white. She must not be harmed."

"She is the daughter of your enemy," hissed Diego.

A low murmuring was heard among the blacks, as if impatient of further delay. Some advanced threateningly toward Cuffee.

"Go!" exclaimed Diego, with his gun at full aim, "or your life will be forfeit."

"It is forfeited," rejoined the negro, as he dashed madly away.

In a few minutes a pistol-shot was heard and light smoke began to curl up in the air.

"Curse him!" exclaimed Diego. "He has set the barn on fire, but why did he shoot off his pistol? Was it to alarm the neighborhood? If so, we are lost. Let us hurry to the fire and begin our work before the town is roused."

It had been arranged that Cuffee should join them, after he had set fire to Mr. Vantiburgh's barn, and then the whole party were to hasten to the fire and kill all who interfered with them.

"Let us go to the fire without waiting for Cuffee," shouted the impatient Diego.

They had hardly gained the highway which led to Vantiburgh's house when a party of citizens, aroused by the pistol-shot, met them.

"Kill the hounds!" Diego exclaimed, firing his gun.

The blacks rushed forward and attacked the citizens, who would have fared badly if the roll of drums had not been heard and a detachment of soldiers from the fort appeared on the scene. The blacks took to the woods in hot haste, but were dislodged, brought to trial and executed—twenty-one in all; some had killed themselves rather than surrender.

The fire in Mr. Vantiburgh's barn was quickly extinguished. On its threshold was found the dead body of Cuffee, shot through the temple by his own hand. He had tried to be faithful to his friends in revolt, and true at the same time to his young Missy; for his pistol-shot had aroused the household and the neighborhood and thus prevented the surprise which the blacks had contemplated.

WOMEN AGAINST TAMMANY.

INSPIRED by the example of the women of the South in the case of Breckinridge, the women of New York have determined to unfurl the banner of Reform and institute a crusade against corruption in politics. To further this end a woman's society has recently been inaugurated, with the avowed purpose of fighting Tammany. They want to pull the Tiger's teeth, cut his claws and reduce him to as abject a state of weakness as was Sampson after the seductive Delilah had persuaded him to have his hair cut. And the women are in dead earnest. If they can't vote, they have made up their minds to show the world that they are the power behind the throne and intend to stick their pretty little fingers into the political pie even at the risk of getting them burned.

It is no longer man against woman, but woman against man. One can't help pitying the poor misguided masculine creatures, because they are going to have such an awfully harassing time of it.

The foundation of the League, whose efforts are directed against Tammany, was laid in this way: Mr. J. J. Gifford, chairman of the Twenty-third Anti-Tammany Assembly District, enlisted in the cause the sympathies of Mr. M. M. Pomeroy, familiarly known as "Brick." Like a sensible man Mr. Pomeroy went home and told his wife about it, and between them they evolved the idea of a woman's league whose objective point was the purification of the political atmosphere.

The anti-Tammany society is not entirely composed of suffragists, but embraces many women who disclaim all desire to charge the ballot-box, and who want to work purely and simply in the interests of Reform. The type of women who wore their hair short, talked in a rasping, high-keyed voice and wore bifurcated garments has disappeared, and the so-called strong-minded woman wears bangs, manicures her nails and has an eye for the becoming.

The Republican women are not idle in the emergency, having formed an alliance with the idea of advocating good government. They do not believe in making any concessions even in favor of a good Tammany man. They intend to carry on the crusade distinctly on Republican lines.

A looker-on at a recent meeting could not avoid being impressed with the quiet, dignified bearing of the women; there were no loud denunciatory utterances, no labored rhetorical flourishes, but pointed, temperate and well-expressed remarks upon the question discussed. With laudable magnanimity the women have invited the men to share in their labors, and, although they themselves hold the reins of government, have asked several gentlemen to form an advisory board. This is composed of Mr. M. M. Pomeroy, Hon. J. J. Gifford and others. Here is a pen picture of some of the prominent women.

Mrs. M. M. Pomeroy is the president of the association and presides with becoming grace. She is a pretty woman of the Spanish brunette type, and has a persuasive voice and a calm, dispassionate manner.

Mrs. Kelley is one of the originators of the League, and may be described as representing the labor party for, being a business woman, she regards the matter from that point of view; she voices the sentiments of the workingwomen and makes an excellent leader.

Mrs. Stinson Smith, a well-known W. C. T. U. woman, is an earnest apostle of reform, and a good and logical speaker.

Mrs. Emma Beckwith earnestly besought the women to do their duty in the matter. Mrs. Beckwith is nothing if not plucky, and impresses her hearers with her earnestness and individuality.

The Indian Princess Varoqua is a staunch advocate of

anything progressive; she belongs to the Knight Templars, is a suffragist, a King's Daughter, a W. C. T. U., and, lastly, an anti-Tammanyite. She is a full-blooded Mohawk with the facial characteristics of her race. She speaks English correctly and is well up in political matters.

Miss Teresa Barkalow, of Sorosis, gave her views on the question in debate, and signified her intention to work hard in the attainment of political purity.

Mrs. Lawrence bids fair to be an indefatigable worker. She declares that she has a personal grudge against Tammany and will fight to the bitter end. It is said that her animosity dates back to the misty past when Tweed wore the war paints and feathers of a Tammany boss. Talk about patriotism, lofty aims, etc.; they count for nothing beside a personal grudge; and if Mrs. Lawrence fights as dauntlessly as she talks, let Tammany prepare to put on sackcloth and ashes, for the end is not far off.

There are now three parties in the field, all with pretty much the same ends in view. The Social Purity party, with Mrs. Grannis as president; Dr. Parkhurst and Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell and their adherents, and the newly pledged Anti-Tammany League, marshaled by Mrs. Pomeroy and her aids. Each and all of them are going to work with a will. The labor undertaken is stupendous; Hercules and his little job in the Augean stables sinks into insignificance beside it. Let us hope that the women's brooms will prove more efficacious than that of Mrs. Partington when she vainly endeavored to sweep the Atlantic Ocean out of her back yard.

Be the outcome what it may, the new movement shows the awakening of women to all things of vital interest. No longer passive instruments in the hands of man, they are demonstrating their right to have a voice, if not a vote, in what concerns the morals, the politics and the good government of the great city of New York.

Mrs. Elizabeth E. Grannis is the president of the National Christian League for the Promotion of Social Purity. Dr. Parkhurst, Archbishop Ireland, Mrs. Ole Bull and many other distinguished people are on the advisory board. Mrs. Grannis is convinced that both sexes should work together and does not think that their interests should be divided. This lady is also chairman of the Woman's Good Government Union, composed of both sexes and non-partisan. Mrs. Grannis and her followers are working for the election of Nathan Straus in spite of his backing by Tammany Hall. Although Dr. Parkhurst's anti-Tammany and anti-suffrage sentiments do not meet her approval, she indorses his social purity work outside the political sphere. "If I have any partisan feeling at all," said the lady, "it is in favor of the Prohibition party, for liquor is the curse of society. Instead of endeavoring to restrict the traffic in intoxicants, why not prohibit their manufacture? With me it is not a question of which party a man belongs to; it is his personal record. I believe in all classes of women joining the Good Government Union; it will bring about a better feeling between the rich and poor to unite in the work."

Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, the avowed coadjutor of Dr. Parkhurst in the Women's Municipal League, objects to being interviewed, and would only say that each member would be urged to influence ten votes against Tammany. Dr. Parkhurst wishes to enlist both rich and poor women in the work.

Genial and handsome Mrs. Edward Lauterbach, though modest and non-aggressive, has decided views on Reform. She is non-partisan, thinking that women should only uphold men of unblemished reputations. "Above all things I am a woman suffragist," said Mrs. Lauterbach, earnestly; "my husband spoke in favor of giving the ballot to women at the Constitutional Convention, but," with a little sigh of regret, "with no avail. Suffrage is the subject nearest my heart. What influence can woman wield without the ballot? An indirect one, you say? Perhaps; but it is like asking her to work with hands tied. Men may take our advice about other things, but they think they know best how to act in politics. When we can express our opinion by casting a vote then we will be doing something. I am in favor of good government, but why should it be necessary for women to form independent societies? Why will not the men's Good Government clubs open their doors to us? Men and women can work more efficaciously side by side. We are not educated to politics, and we have much to learn from the men. I admire Dr. Parkhurst immensely; no other man could have accomplished so much for morality. But the Doctor is a pronounced anti-suffragist, and it is a question as to whether I can conscientiously affiliate with a society which is distinctly anti-suffrage. Yet, I would like to do everything possible to aid Dr. Parkhurst. No, I do not belong to the Anti-Tammany League, but I sympathize with all who aim to purify politics and work for good government."

Mrs. Henry de Coppet, who is a sister of the brilliant novelist Edgar Fawcett, and a woman of progressive ideas, is on the Committee of Ways and Means of the Women's Municipal League. Mrs. de Coppet has, however, been prevented from doing active service through the illness and death of her sister, Miss Fawcett. When sufficiently recovered from the blow she intends to devote all her energies toward the stamping out of corruption in politics. This lady is, needless to say, an earnest suffragist.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett believes that women will do much toward the promotion of good government, and the movement has his most heartfelt sympathy. He thinks that women should have the ballot in order to make their influence more largely felt in politics and does not believe that they will abuse their privileges.

COUNTESS ANNE DE MONTAIGU.

"Attend your church," the rector cries.
To church each fair one goes.
The old go there to close their eyes;
The young to eye their clothes.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It cures colic of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

Lowest rates via the Nickel Plate Road to all points West. Superior Dining Cars.



LEVI PARSONS MORTON.

REPUBLICAN NOMINEES FOR GOVERNOR LIEU



CHARLES T. SAXTON.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

THE DUDE DETECTIVE.

COMMUNICATED BY INSPECTOR HYMAN VEDDER, OF THE NEW YORK DETECTIVE SERVICE, TO SUPERINTENDENT GREENLEAF, OF THE CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION DEPARTMENT, SCOTLAND-YARD.

[Private and Confidential.]

CENTRAL POLICE OFFICE,
MULBERRY STREET,
NEW YORK.

[The first part of this letter refers to private matters, and is not printed.]

YOUR congratulatory cable lies upon my desk. I have read the part in your evening paper, which you sent me, headed:

THE LATEST FROM AMERICA.
SMART CAPTURE OF JULES FREMONT,
The Perpetrator of the
GREAT AFRICAN GOLD-BRICK TRICK,
And Other Swindles,
By INSPECTOR HY. VEDDER, of
Mulberry Street,

and so on. And you have stretched the hand of good-fellowship across the big drink, so slap me on the back. Let me own up, Superintendent, to an old friend whose fidelity I have proved, and upon whose silence I can rely. I didn't catch Fremont, though I'd tried hard enough. I only snapped the handcuffs upon his wrists after he had been nabbed by another man!

Who this man really is, nobody seems to know. I have caused stringent inquiries to be made secretly, and without success. That he is not what he represents himself to be, I am sure; that his present disguise is assumed to cover a powerful and extraordinary individuality, I have no doubt. Yet to him, personally, I am bound by the strongest ties of honor and obligation. Through him I have gained advancement in my profession—through him I have reaped a handsome crop of dollars—to him I owe it that I have obtained six months' leave of absence from my official duties, a holiday which I intend to spend in getting married, and in taking Mrs. Vedder (Miss Hattie Shilliter at present, and for one week longer) on a European trip.

Therefore, to you alone, my old friend, I may hint my suspicions, and utter my surmises, as to the real identity of this mysterious man of mine. You may pool-pool my views—I expect it, and I'm not going to express them until you have got right to the bottom of my letter.

You may not be acquainted with the details of the Great African Gold-Brick Trick, by means of which several prominent members of the Diplomatic Body of France were made to look as sick as verduants who have lost their greenbacks to a bunco-stealer. It took capital to run that mammoth bluff—capital, nerve and brain-power. The capital was amassed by a series of successful swindles—notably the fraud upon the house of Henry J. Beans & Co., of New York City—a case of inflated paper, you will remember; the Charleston Investment Union swindle, and several others. The nerve and the brain-power are at present wasting themselves in solitary confinement at The Tombs, in the cell of one of the most daring and clever criminals the century has produced.

Little more than six months ago the Parisian papers announced, with preliminary flourish of trumpets, the return of a gray-haired African explorer to his native capital. He had made extraordinary discoveries of auriferous deposits in French territory, and with commendable patriotism had hastened home to place his invaluable knowledge at the disposal of the French Colonial Government. The localities in which the finds had been made were the Valley of the Casemanie, and somewhere on the Senegal. I forget the indicated spots.

The traveler was not without ample proofs of the truth of his assertions. He had gold to show—gold in plenty—discovered under the ruins of a mysterious city in the course of some digging operations, by himself and three faithful blacks. He had his niggers on show, as well as the bullion, contained in several rudely carpentered chests of native workmanship, filled with soapy-yellow bricks of metal, every one of which answered to the assay.

That was the easiest part of the whole bluff. The ordinary American brick-trick consists in the swindler getting the victim to advance money on a bar or brick of bullion which, with the exception of one corner or part of the surface, is of base metal. The bricks that took in the French Government were absolutely genuine!

Well, the gray-bearded traveler caused a *furor* for the time being. He was publicly feted, his portrait in the African make-up appeared in all the illustrated journals—"Jules Jortin," as he called himself, was the idol of the hour, and every one who could afford it was wild to buy one of his gold bricks. But Monsieur Jules Jortin had already arranged to let Government have them at a valuation. He got his money, and the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, and I then vanished—niggers and all—before the pyrotechnists had done letting off set-pieces with interlarded J.J.'s.

Scarcely had he cleared when a discovery was reported at headquarters. One of the Government assayers took it into his head to saw one of the gold bricks in half—and then the whole plant burst up. For these bricks of gold, though genuine bullion, were not of African origin. No, Superintendent, they had been cast a good deal nearer home than the basin of the Casemanie! In the core of the sawn mass of metal were discovered half-fused gold coins, both English and American, fragments of jewelry—mountings, and so forth. The bricks were manufactured articles, and the new-made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor had gained honors from his Government and admiration from his countrymen by means of a dishonorable trick.

Well, you may guess that the thing was kept as quiet as possible, because Frenchmen don't like to be

told they've been made fools of. But there were extradition-warrants and things made out in the description of that white-haired patriot, and a big reward was offered privately for his apprehension. It amounted to 40,000 francs.

Of course, when the particulars of the Big Brick Swindle came out, the trick was located by specialists to the United States. A Frenchman, speaking English with an American accent, and answering in some particulars to the description of the distinguished African explorer M. Jules Jortin, was traced from Paris to



HE HAD HIS NIGGERS ON SHOW, AS WELL AS THE BULLION.

Havre, and there lost sight of. It was supposed, with good reason, that he had assumed some disguise and taken passage from Havre by one of the New York liners. The supposition was soon verified. A quantity of French notes, with drafts upon several of the principal Parisian banking houses, came on the market, their united values representing a gigantic sum. Every one of the drafts was found to have been raised, in the opinion of experts, by the hand that had committed the other forgeries of which I have spoken, and nearly all the *billets de banque* were identified as copies of the identical notes paid to the supposed African explorer by the gullied ministers of the French Colonial Empire!

Prompt measures were taken. The defrauded Exchange Companies clubbed together and offered a second reward—12,000 dollars was the sum. The keenest of our men were put on the trail. We did our utmost. Time upon time we could have sworn we had our claws upon the man—we had begun to realize it was one man we wanted—but at the actual minute he always vanished. It was plain that he was protected, warned, overshadowed by a powerful agency. I found out, through the mysterious man of whom I spoke just now, the nature of that agency, and the names of the individuals who combined in it. But you shall hear that story later on.

He—the man of whom I spoke—came into my office at the close of a long hot day, before the lamps on the street were lighted. It had been a sizzling afternoon. I was hot and depressed and out of temper. I was a poor man, and my poverty seemed to come between me and all that made life worth living, just then. I pondered over the chances of getting that reward, and they were very small. I'm no fool in my way of business, if not a genius, but the criminal with whom we had to deal was both a genius and an original.

The crusty old sergeant on duty knocked at my door. He said a man wanted to see me, and gave me a card with the name "Mr. Anthony Jones" very elegantly engraved, with an address at a mansion of toney flats on Madison Avenue. There was a strong smell of russia leather, mingled with opoponax or some other as fashionable perfume, about the bit of pasteboard; and I smiled involuntarily at the disgust with which the old sergeant sniffed his thumb, to which some of the effeminate odor had communicated itself. Then I said, "Show him up!" and up he came.

The orderly's face was a study, looking over his shoulder as the visitor ambled and tripped and grinned his way in. He was about the most highly developed specimen of the middle-aged dude I had ever set eyes on. He was a tall, thin, high-shouldered man, whose skin was so evidently in debt to the cosmetician and whose reddish-brown locks were so palpably the work of the hairdresser that it was impossible to tell his exact age. His mustache was dyed to match those lovely locks, and waxed at the ends, and he wore the most elaborately cut gray serge frock-coat and trousers that ever were turned out by a fashionable tailor. His linen and vest were spotlessly white, his collar was of the newest shape, and he wore in the middle of a black satin cravat a large and lustrous pearl, a mammoth monstrosity in the jewel line, for it was shaped like a figure of eight, or an hour-glass, and fastened to the pin by a little band of gold going round the middle. To finish up the inventory, he wore patent-leather boots with white spats, pearl-gray gloves, diamond sleeve-links, and he carried a glossy silk hat and a curious cane,

which I thought at the time was made of some rare wood, but which—he afterward told me—was a stalk of Crimean seaweed, and wore a mauve orchid in his buttonhole. He took the chair I offered him, and got to business in fewer words than I should have expected, for all his drawing, mincing style of speech. The proposal he had to make to me was one which I receive verbally or by letter a hundred times in a month. He thought himself born for a detective, and offered—for a consideration—to place his abilities at the disposal of Mulberry Street.

Well, instead of ringing my bell and showing the door to him, as I should have done in nine cases out of ten, I found myself listening to what he'd got to say. He struck the right note in the beginning. He asked enough!

Half the reward offered by the American Exchange Companies—half the reward offered by the French Government—nothing less would suit Mr. Anthony Jones. Upon my falling in with his terms, he would place at my disposal what he called his little theories. These were the terms of his proposal.

I was to operate, unquestioningly, upon lines suggested by him for the space of twenty-four hours; and if, at the end of that period, we had got our man (the notorious dodger who for years had evaded the police of two continents!) I was to share the reward with him. If, on the other hand, the pursuit turned out to be a wild-goose chase, Mr. Anthony Jones bound himself to hand over to me the sum of \$300 in payment for my wasted time, and as a solatium for my natural feelings of disgust and chagrin at having been made a fool of by a mere amateur. On my side I was bound to abstain, in the case of failure as in the case of success, from drawing, by spoken or written word or deed, the attention of the American public to Mr. Anthony Jones's predilection for detective work.

"For it would be a pretty business if a society man and a clubman like myself were suspected of dabbling in that sort of thing," he explained. "People would positively be afraid to ask me to their houses, and you know, Inspector, that to a man of my stamp life without society is not life at all. Come now, do you agree to give me those twenty-four hours? or am I to take my little deductions elsewhere? Will you chance it, or will you not?"

I made up my mind then and there.

"I'll chance it!" I answered.

He had pulled off one of the pearl-gray kid gloves, and his clinched hand—the left—was lying lightly on the table. I saw the veins start out on the back of that long, thin, muscular hand like purple silk cords. A narrow white scar, running diagonally across the back of the hand, showed up strongly. He drew a breath of unmistakable relief, and smiled—and I saw that his teeth—an excellent set—weren't false, like his complexion and his hair. It seemed as if he had noted my glance at the hand, for he withdrew it, and leisurely pulled on the glove, saying:

"I think you have acted wisely, Inspector Vedder. And you will agree with me, when the portrait of Monsieur Jules Jortin has been added to the collection in your Rogues' Gallery upstairs."

He alluded, of course, to the famous Mulberry Street collection of photographs of persistent and notorious criminals who have at one time or other fallen into the hands of the police. The next thing he did was to toss a little roll of greenbacks to me across the table.

"What's this?" says I.

"The three hundred dollars," says Jones. "If I win you pay me ten thousand three hundred. If I lose, you freeze on to those. But I shan't lose, Inspector."

The confidence of the man began to impress me in spite of myself. I glanced at the notes, assured myself that they were genuine, scribbled a receipt on half a sheet of our official paper, and handed it to him. He looked over it, nodded coolly, and tore it up.

"What's that for?" I asked.

"Because you're an honest man," says my gentleman.

"How do you know that, stranger?" says I.

He leaned forward, and pointed at something that lay upon my table.

"If you took bribes, Inspector," says he, "you'd have been able to buy her a better ring than that!"

I was dumb. He'd hit home; because upon the table before me, among my papers, lay a cardboard jeweler's box, open; and my Hattie's poor little engagement ring, with its one small diamond set between two turquoises, was plainly seen in its nest of cotton-wool.

"Perhaps she won't send back the next one," he went on. "There'll be bigger stones, Inspector, and more gold about 'em."

"It wasn't her doing," I said, before I'd thought: "It was her mother's." Then I remembered, with a keen stab of shame and anger, and I cried out—"Man, who are you? Who has told you about Hattie and about me?"

"Nobody has told me," said Anthony Jones, nursing his stick between his crossed legs. "I merely inferred. For example, you did not sleep last night—a sleepless night writes itself on a man's face after the age of thirty. Then when I saw that little box, addressed to you in the handwriting of a young lady of about

The Nickel Plate Road gives you the lowest rates to all points West, and unexcelled service. Elegant Dining Cars run by this line.

AN EDITOR'S OPINION OF POND'S EXTRACT—"Your medicine is first-class. We would not be without it in the house (yellow label, buff wrapper, name blown in the glass) for fifty dollars a year."—*Aurora, Ill., Express and Herald.*



MR. ANTHONY JONES OF NEW YORK.

twenty-three, who was very much agitated and in tears when she wrote the direction," he pointed to the torn fragments of the wrapper lying near the box, "standing open on your table and containing a ring which I should judge to have been constantly worn, say, for the last three months. I naturally concluded that you were the purchaser. And as a lady only returns a ring to a gentleman when she frees him from an engagement, I think I have good grounds for my inference, Inspector."

"I can't deny that you have guessed right," I admitted.

"Or that you are carrying the letters written before and during your engagement—and which Miss Hattie has doubtless requested you to return," went on Mr. Jones, "in the breast-pocket of your coat. I see the shape of the packet through the cloth. But it does not include the letter breaking off the engagement; which, after reading and re-reading a good many times, you burned just before I came in. There are the ashes of it."

He pointed to the white tiles of the fireplace, where the blackened cinders of my girl's cruel letter lay beside a half-burned vesta, the head of which still glowed in its little patch of melted grease.

"Well!" I said, "this is something like a result from observation, Mr. Anthony Jones."

"Showy, but trivial," said he. "I amuse myself by exercising the faculty which every human being possesses in a more or less marked degree, until I have attained a certain quickness in determining results from causes. It is this faculty of mine which I think is going to be useful to us in this little business matter, in the preliminaries of which you have so obligingly met my views. There's only one formality we have omitted."

"What is that?" I asked. He held out his hand, and the iron grip I encountered through the delicate kid glove almost disconcerted me, so unexpected was it.

"So to work," said Anthony Jones. One of his eyes was hidden behind a rimless eyeglass of smoked crystal, which he carried continually tucked between the muscles of his left cheek and eyebrow. The other, keen and iron gray, looked at me with a glint of satisfaction in it. His nostrils expanded, and the corners of his mouth lifted a little, showing the sharp white teeth.

"We have only twenty-four hours, remember," said I.

"Then the sooner we begin the better," said he. "The heat of the day is over—would it be agreeable to you to change into plain clothes and take a quiet little dinner with me? Put a six-shooter and a pair of handcuffs in your pocket, because we're going to mix up business with eating—you see?—and they may be useful. And—if I may suggest—you have a warrant for Frémont's arrest? Yes? Capital! Bring it along, Inspector, bring it along!"

"You're business-like, Mr. Jones," said I, to humor him, for, whether he was a fool or an impostor, I had the three hundred dollars.

"You are complimentary!" says he, with a grin and a bow. "Take ten minutes to make your preparations—I'll wait downstairs."

I locked the notes away in my safe, and, having changed into plain clothes, while Mr. Jones waited downstairs in the visitors' parlor—a rather bare apartment, where strangers were usually shown who came to seek a business interview—I rejoined him.

"Quick enough," he said, pleasantly, hailing a hansom with his curious stick. "Washington Square, and drive fast," I heard him say to the man.

(To be continued.)



DESIRING to learn something about the construction of pianos, and also how a first-class instrument can be sold in these days at a so much lower price than formerly, I availed myself of the privilege kindly accorded me by Cornish & Co., one of the oldest and largest manufacturers in the United States, to visit their immense piano and organ factory.

Accompanied by one of our kodak manipulators, I started for Washington, N. J., where the works are situated, and on reaching there was courteously shown over their immense establishment, some views of which appear on another page, by the junior member of the firm, the Hon. Johnston Cornish, a man who has made a national reputation for himself in Congress and who doubtless will continue to do so ably represent his constituents at Washington for many years to come.

Before examining in detail the many different materials which enter into the construction of pianos and organs, our distinguished guide suggested that "we should take a walk through the entire establishment and first get a bird's-eye view, as it were, of the whole." First we were conducted to the Piano Show Room—a vast room which contained apparently numberless pianos. Here the pianoforte performer must certainly enjoy a musical treat while examining the many handsome instruments. Across the corridor are the exquisitely furnished apartments of ex-Senator Joseph B. Cornish and of our guide, the Hon. Johnston Cornish, the sole members of the firm. Next to their rooms is the office of Chief of Correspondence, and following in order are the offices of the immense staff of stenographers, bookkeepers, mailing clerks and superintendent. Passing through the Piano Wareroom, where the pianos receive their final tuning, polishing and regulating previous to shipment, we enter the Organ Finishing Department, and from there to the Organ Wareroom,

which contains samples of all different styles of the celebrated Cornish Organ. Leaving here we ascend to the Piano Department, where the beautiful and interesting process of manufacturing a piano can be seen, from the preparation of the casting to the polishing of the case.

Few persons looking at a finished piano have any idea of the various processes which that instrument has to undergo before it is ready for sale. While visiting the Cornish Factory I was able to witness the construction of one from beginning to end. Not, of course, the same piano, for it takes many weeks to build the elegant instruments which are now manufactured, but I saw just how the piano was advanced through its several stages, from the unfinished lumber to the polished perfection of the instrument as it stands in the Show Room of the Factory.

The case and its back, the latter of which is really the foundation of the instrument, are made by expert workmen in the cabinet department of the Factory. The cases are double veneered, the under piece running at right angles so as to prevent the outer veneer from checking, when subjected to heat or dampness which otherwise would cause the varnish to crack and the finish would be spoiled. The back, or foundation, is constructed from solid spruce and hard maple lumber. The wrest plank, or pin block, is peculiarly built up of hard maple specially prepared and glued together in a manner such as will prevent its being affected by heat or dampness, and when ready to fasten to the back, forms a heavy massive plank, into which one could not cut or even bore a hole without cutting against the grain of the wood; this is done to resist the wear from the tuning pins, which would otherwise get loose and slip, thus making it impossible to keep the piano in perfect tune.

The case and its back, when completed, are taken to separate departments, each to receive their special treatment, when they are again reunited in the setting-up and finishing department.

Upon the case of the piano depends, in a great measure, its selling qualities, and in order that it shall be "a thing of beauty and a joy forever" it has to undergo a series of varnishings, rubbings and polishings before the surface is ready to receive its final polish and the piano is ready to sell.

The case is taken to the varnish department, where the pores of the veneer are filled with a paste prepared from silice, which, when dry, is harder than the wood itself. Fine coatings of varnish are now given to each portion of the finished surface, one week elapsing between each coat. Then the whole is rubbed with pumice-stone and water until a perfectly even surface is obtained. Two more coatings are then applied, after which the same rubbing process takes place; but this time with finer pumice-stone, and finally with rotten stone and the bare palm of the hand.

While the case is thus being treated the back is being fitted with the sounding-board, which is made from carefully selected wood and specially prepared. The massive full iron frame, which is a special feature in the Cornish Piano, is now fitted to the back over the sounding-board and wrest plank. It now remains to string the piano, and after this is done, and all the strings are properly stretched, put in the right position, tested, and rough tuned, the whole is ready to place in the case.

The action, keys, hammers, dampers and other parts too numerous to mention, which have been under the process of construction in other departments, are now also fitted into the case, regulated and adjusted.

The piano is now placed in the Stock Room, where it receives seven or eight tunings—a week elapsing between each tuning; the instrument is now ready to be tone regulated, to receive its final polish and to be shipped or taken to the Wareroom.

It will thus be seen that the factory life of a piano is not a short one by any means, as no manufacturer jealous of his reputation will ship an instrument until it has been thoroughly tested, and it will be seen that an enormous number of instruments has to be carried in stock, and a large amount of money has to be invested and to stand idle for a considerable time.

Messrs. Cornish & Co. employ a large number of skilled workmen in the construction of their instruments, both pianos and organs, and their machinery and appliances are second to none in the trade. This fact, together with their unique plan of doing business—which has now got to be a household word, not only in this country, but in nearly every part of the world—doubtless accounts for the low price a piano can now be had for. Their plan is to employ no agents or dealers, but by means of advertising and circularizing to sell their instruments direct at first cost to the general public. Any one desiring information regarding either a piano or an organ will be gladly furnished immediately by applying to them.—(See page 13.)

"A COMMON STORY."

FOLLOWING the present absorbing novel, "People of the Mist," by Rider Haggard, and "Under Sealed Orders," by Grant Allen, the next novel to be issued in ONCE A WEEK Library will be an exceedingly clever translation of Gontcharoff's exciting work entitled "A Common Story." Gontcharoff is one of the ablest of the Russian fiction writers of to-day. Readers will be glad to discover in it, almost from the opening chapters, a refreshing departure from the beaten track of the conventional novel. The "story" is that of a young man, brought up in the seclusion of a country-house by a fond and by no means worldly-wise mother, starting out in life by himself in gay St. Petersburg. His outfit includes a generous allowance of linen shirts and fine socks, a warm heart given to "sincere outpourings," considerable untrained literary talent, a fair income, a bundle of illusions and a stock of very remarkable maternal advice. Thus equipped, he presents himself before an uncle whom he had never seen—a city-bred cynic who loses no time in opening the young man's eyes to a knowledge of the world. Here are all the elements for an interesting story, and the author has

not neglected his opportunities. He leads the young man step by step along the difficult path of "life," sparing him none of the inevitable disenchantments which come to all, and presenting the various situations in which he finds himself with such humorous fidelity of detail that many of them will have to the reader the force of personal reminiscences. The gradual modification of the hero's views and character from the "cocksureness" of inexperienced youth to the doubts and self-distrust engendered by a truer knowledge of the world and of himself, is absorbingly interesting. What to many readers will seem like a pitiless cynicism runs through the entire volume. But men and women who know anything of the life in large cities will recognize in the author's persistent iconoclasm only the echo of the teachings of the world which so many must learn by painful experience. To mothers, this recital of the trials and tribulations of a favorite son will no doubt seem pathetic in the extreme. To men, it will be irresistibly humorous; to youths still in their salad days it should be an exceedingly valuable lesson and warning. There is scarcely any class of readers who will not find it amply worth perusal. It is a study of the foibles of human nature in which every one may find faithful reflections of self; but besides this it is a book replete with wit and entertainment of the highest order. No more original and readable work has appeared in the Library for a long time.

SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY

OF

ONCE A WEEK

Forthcoming Novels:

A GLANCE at the following list of new novels, which will be published consecutively in the Semi-Monthly Library of ONCE A WEEK, will suffice to inform readers of the remarkable advantages to be gained by becoming subscribers to the Library. Every book on this list is a first-class novel, the names of the authors being in most cases a sufficient guarantee for the quality of work to be expected. Under ordinary conditions, it would be impossible to secure any of these books, on the first day of their appearance, for less than one dollar. By subscribing to ONCE A WEEK Library, the novels are secured and received immediately upon publication for the nominal cost of about six cents each. When the high price of the copyright of any one of these novels is taken into consideration (about \$5,000 each), it will be seen that the rates at which they are offered to subscribers are phenomenally low.

UNDER SEALED ORDERS.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

A COMMON STORY.

BY the great Russian novelist, IVAN GONTCHAROFF.

MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

TWO NEW NOVELS.

BY WALTER BESANT.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

THE BEST MATCH IN TOWN.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE HOUSE IN THE HEROLD STRASSE.

BY E. JUNKER.

THE WAY OF THE TRANS- GRESSOR.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

MISS GOOD FOR NOTHING.

BY W. HEIMBURG.

THE LITTLE MARCHIONESS.

BY PATROCINIO DE BIEDMA.

GLORIA VICTIS.

BY OSSIP SCHUBIN.

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

BY JEAN DE LA BRIETTE.

FREEDOM UNDER THE SNOW.

BY MAURICE JOKAL.

Righteous Wife (at breakfast)—"Henry, will you ask a blessing?"
Henry (examining hash)—"We've blessed everything here before, dear."

Our readers will do well to correspond with the Liberty Cloak Co. (whose advertisement appears in this number) before purchasing their winter cloaks or suits. This company makes to order the goods you select from their large line of samples, the most stylish and perfect fitting garments at prices as low as if not lower than the cost of ill-fitting ready-made garments.

SCENERY Dining Cars on the Nickel Plate Road.

EXCLUSIVELY FEMININE

FOR MY LADY'S WARDROBE.

AFTER the first chill touches of autumnal weather have made themselves felt, the necessity of buying one's self a new hat becomes imperative. There is something bleak and insufficient about even the most sober summer millinery when compared with the rich warmth of the new fall hats temptingly displayed in the shop windows. Many of these, however, I must confess are uncompromisingly ugly. I made a tour of inspection among the large shops the other day to satisfy my curiosity as to the latest novelties in mil-



linery, and I was for the most part quite dissatisfied with what I saw. Most of the felt hats seemed to me quite commonplace, especially those trimmed with bows of satin ribbon, a combination I detest. But after hunting round a bit, I found something quite new and eminently lovable—namely, the hats of a pretty kind of braid, half the strands of which boast a black satin finish and the other half a dull black finish, the two interwoven loosely with charming effect, resembling amour straw, but richer and heavier. These hats seem to adapt themselves to any kind of trimming and they are extremely comfortable, but, to be quite frank, the least bit heavy. However, *pour être belle, il faut souffrir*, and so everybody is buying them, I find. The hats shown in the large group on this page are French models and fairly represent the styles most to be worn this season. No. 1 is a velvet chapeau made in the poke shape and crinkled at the back. A butterfly bow, made of deep cream guipure lace with an aigrette in the centre, ornaments the front. The velvet ribbon tied on the side forms a bow at the back, and a small piece of lace falls over the hair in two ends. No. 2, a bonnet for an elderly lady, is a mass of sparkling jet on a foundation of tulle, bordered with yellow and black roses placed alternately. A high bow of black velvet and a light jet ornament are placed at the back. No. 3 is a *chapeau de visite* of brown felt with undulating brim, edged on both sides with a narrow band of fur. The trimming is fawn-colored moire with lines of yellow and pale pink running through it. Two pink ostrich tips stand almost erect between the folds of silk. The whole effect is very happy. A child's bonnet is shown in No. 4. It



is made of old-blue velvet with a design in black. In front, just in the centre, is a black velvet bow. A tiny cream-colored satin ruche goes round the edges and a rosette of cream satin is placed under the bow in front, a similar one appearing at each side where the strings begin. No. 5 is a Marie Louise bonnet suitable for visiting or for wearing at the theatre. The foundation is of gold brocaded silk shaped to the head. A cunningly arranged draped border in different colors

gives the illusion of full-blown roses. A green silk bow forms the back of the bonnet and rests on the hair. No. 6 is an Otero sailor hat for young girls. It is of tobacco-colored felt and is worn slightly but almost imperceptibly tilted. The trimming consists of a bow of rich ruby-colored satin and two straight quills. The other sailor hat shown on this page is a smart little one for every-day wear and is simply trimmed with rosettes, flowers and wings. The maiden who prefers a large hat may like the model shown. It is a felt "flat"; two rows of cross-cut velvet are tacked under the brim at the distance of one and two inches from the edge respectively. For the trimming eight smartly tied bows of different colors are used and three spike black wings. In the model the shape is brown and the bows are black, olive green, old gold, turquoise blue, deep purple, deep cream, and a touch of bright green. The largest bow is turquoise blue; the deep tones are in



SOME FRENCH HATS

moire ribbon, the light ones in satin, and the purple is velvet. The combination is most effective and unique.

A very satisfying autumn costume is pictured on this page. It is built of mulberry cloth. The bodice is made with



double revers—the under ones of velvet, the upper of the cloth. Round the waist is a satin belt clasped with silver, and the skirt is buttoned down either side with silver buttons. The velvet used in the cuffs and revers is black. The white shirt-front worn with this costume was fastened with small pearl studs. I wonder if any single woman in the fashionable world feels that she has enough blouses,

pretty one is given in the illustration. It is made of cream-colored lace lined with white satin. Black chiffon is draped in scarf fashion down one side and over the other shoulder where it terminates with a jet fringe. It could be worn equally well with a skirt of black moire or one of black and white checked silk. I love the plain skirts of black moire that one sees so much now. They are eminently graceful, useful, and of *la dernière elegance*.

Coats and capes seem to be about equally worn again this season, the latter being particularly in request for evening outdoor wear. The sleeves of our gowns have attained such leviathan dimensions that they "quarrel" with even the roomiest coat-sleeves. With these latter only soft silk blouses are worn, the sleeves of which can be crushed with impunity.

Two new coiffures and toilettes for the autumn, shown in the last illustration, are particularly pleasing. The first costume is made of rich broché, shot in the lovely tints known as pigeon's throat. It is effectively trimmed with jet passementerie and a fichu-like arrangement of white lace. The second gown shown is of lavender taffetas striped with black trimmed with string-colored lace points; lavender mousseline-de-laine is draped with good effect on the bodice and down the skirt.

Gwendolen Gay

SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

AN EXPERIMENT WITH A VACUUM.

A LAMP-CHIMNEY of cylindrical shape and two corks exactly fitting its interior are the materials requisite to carry out the interesting experiment here illustrated. Pass a string through each cork in the manner shown in Fig. 1, introducing a small piece of wood between the cork and the string, to prevent the latter from cutting through the cork under pressure. Next place the two corks inside the chim-

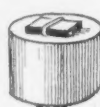


Fig. 1



Fig. 3



Fig. 2



ney, close to the neck and to each other, leaving the double ends of both strings projecting at the opposite ends of the chimney, as shown in Fig. 2. Join the open ends of the strings and suspend the glass by the upper one, on a hook. To the lower one attach a heavy object, such as the large pitcher shown in the illustration. Its weight will draw down the lower cork a certain distance, the upper one being maintained in place by the neck of the glass. According as the weight descends, it meets more and more resistance, and therefore it will be found that the cork can support a greater weight with each change of position. You may therefore increase the weight of the pitcher by pouring water into it until the cork finally reaches the opening of the glass. The explanation of this curious phenomenon is that the air between the two corks, becoming more and more rarefied according as the distance between them widens, exercises an attraction on the cork which can be overcome only by the superior force of gravitation.



HOW TO SUCCEED.

A well written treatise on personal magnetism with plain, simple rules for development to assure improvement in life, can be had by mentioning this paper and addressing Dr. L. H. Anderson, Masonic Temple, Chicago. This book should be in the hands of every person in earth, as it means the betterment of moral, mental and physical manhood and womanhood.

Cloaks & Suits to Order.

Jackets, \$4.25 up. Fur Capes, \$5 up. Tailor-Made Suits, \$8.75 up.

By dealing with us you secure the services of a staff of the most skilled tailors and fitters in N. Y., and lately employed by one of our most fashionable ladies' stores. You also save the retailer's profit of from 25 to 40 per cent. We cut and make every garment to order, insuring a perfect-fitting elegantly finished wrap, giving the wearer a stylish and refined appearance. We mail to you, on receipt of 4 cts. postage, a catalogue illustrating the most fashionable designs, 40 samples of cloths, including plushing; fur smooth and rough. Goods of the latest shades. A 6-inch tape and a very simple method of taking measure. We pay all express charges. Cloakings and fur edgings sold by the yard. Mention *ONCE A WEEK* when you write.

THE LIBERTY CLOAK CO., 635 & 637 Broadway, New York.

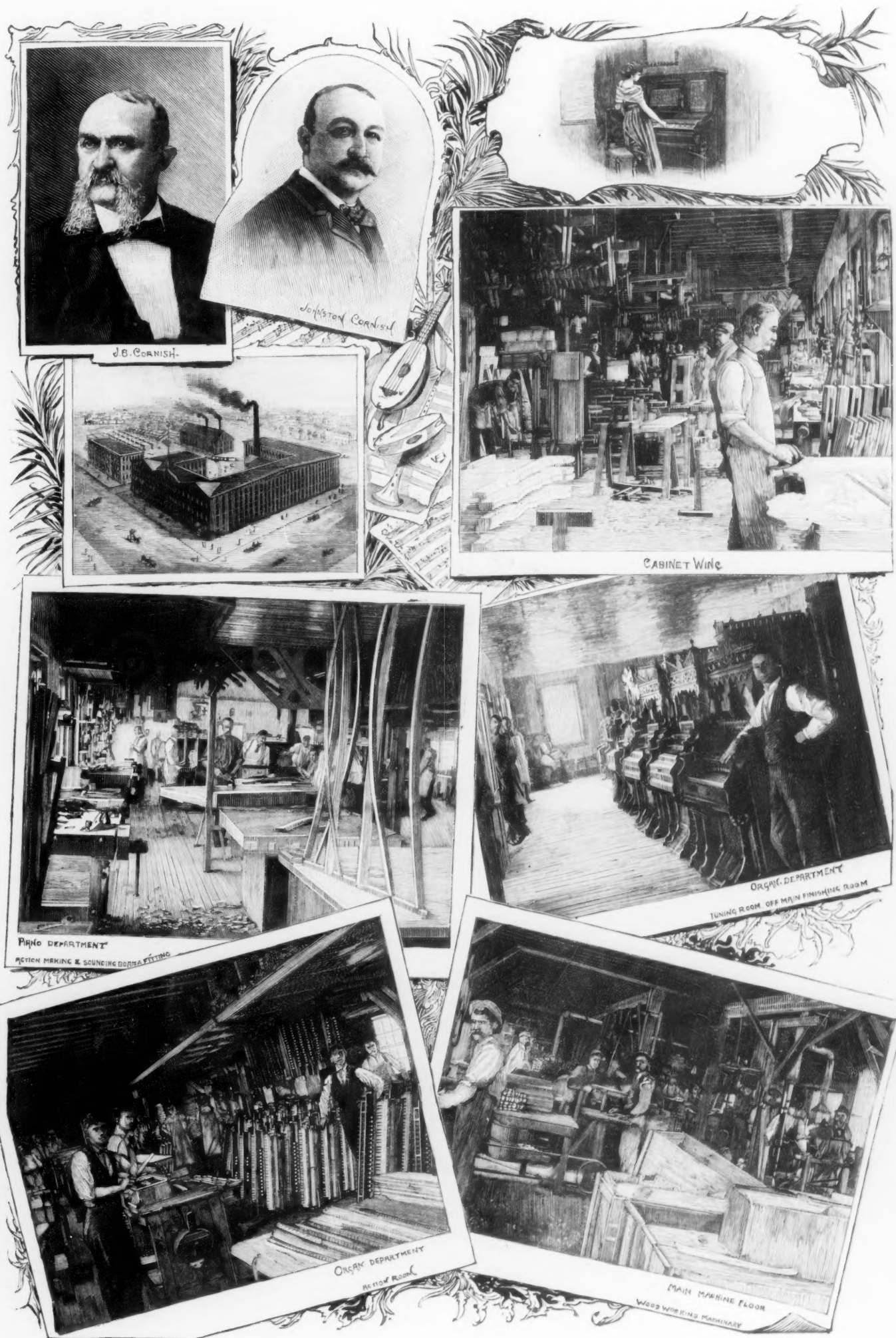
FREE A GRAND OFFER.

MME. A. RUPPERT'S FACE BLEACH.

MME. A. RUPPERT says: "I appreciate the fact that there are thousands and thousands of ladies in the United States that would like to try my World-renowned FACE BLEACH, but have been kept from doing so on account of the price, which is \$2.00 per bottle, or 3 bottles taken together, \$5.00. In order that all of these may have an opportunity, I will give to every caller, absolutely free during this month, a sample bottle, and in order to supply those living outside of the city, or in any part of the world, I will send it safely packed, plain wrapper, all charges prepaid, on receipt of 25c, silver or stationery."

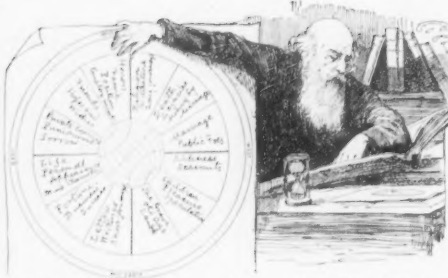
Address all communications or call on MADAME A. RUPPERT, 6 E. 14th St., N. Y.

HOMESTUDY. A practical and complete Business College Course given by MAIL at student's HOME. Low rates and perfect satisfaction. Trial lesson 10 cents. Catalogue free. BRYANT & STRATTON, 46 College Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.



A WALK THROUGH A MODERN PIANO FACTORY.

(See page 11.)



Our Astrologer

J. H. B., N. Y.—You were born with the sign Scorpio rising, and are governed by Mars. You are rather tall with dark-brown hair, sanguine complexion and gray eyes. In disposition, you are rather passionate, and take offense easily. All of your planets, except Mars, are under the Earth, and so disposed as to give you not a very promising Horoscope. You would do fairly well in business, and would never be exactly poor; but you would see a great deal of financial trouble. You would hardly remain in the same business, or with the same employers a long time at once; would make many and frequent changes, and they would usually be for the better. The best part of your life would be after you had passed middle age. Your health would not suffer from long illnesses, but you would be subject to disorder of the bladder and kidneys and to throat trouble. You would be likely to marry at the age of twenty-six; a young woman shorter than yourself and stouter, with light hair and blue eyes; she would have several children, but you would not raise them all beyond infancy. You had evil periods at 7, 13, 19 and 21 years of age; a particularly evil one this summer. Your fortunes will not be good for another year or two—then much better for a long time.



E. J. F., Storm Lake, Ia.—This child was born with the sign Scorpio rising, and had very evil aspects at birth and since, so that he must have been difficult to raise, even up to his present age; and would need great care until he passes his seventh year. Supposing him through with these early evil periods, he will grow to be of medium height, stout and dark, with dark hair inclined to curl. He will need careful training as regards his disposition, being governed by Mars, and therefore inclined to be unruly and quick tempered. He will have a shrewd intellect, and be bright and original, and he will be ambitious and pushing. His chances for success in life are good, as he has Jupiter in his "House of Fortune," well aspected. He will not be fortunate in traveling long journeys, and is likely to remove but little. Marriage for him would be very unfortunate, and it is unlikely that it will occur. He is more liable than most children to accidents—falls, bruises, etc.—and he will always have to be guarded against this sort of misfortune. He has a curiously unfortunate Horoscope in many particulars, yet is favored with some very powerful aspects which may carry him safely through every evil; in that case, the latter part of his life will be very prosperous.



W. C. R. T., Aiken.—This young man was born with Neptune and Mars ascending in the zodiacal sign Taurus. He should be of medium height, stout, with dark hair and gray eyes. He is gifted with an excellent constitution, physical strength

and general immunity from sickness. He is of a very passionate temperament, bold and aggressive, with generous impulses. He is liable to danger from accident, and probably has some scar or mark on the face, throat or neck. He will be more fond of pleasure than will be good for him, and will be inclined to waste his money in this direction. Speculation and games of chance will be particularly evil for him. He will have a very varied life, and is not unlikely to hold public position, and to meet with great success, with which, however, his temperament is likely to interfere. He would make a good soldier, and very likely a good surgeon—if trained to that profession. He is a born fighter, and will always desire to be in something where there is a struggle—in which he will commonly be successful. It is quite probable that he will not marry; but, if he does, it will be a woman of his own type and disposition, and they will hardly get on well together. He would probably be better off to remain unmarried. He will have many friends and many enemies; will get on best with those who are his opposites in appearance and nature. He had evil periods at 4-5, 7 and 13 years of age, when he had some serious illness, accident or other affliction. He has nothing of an unfortunate character confronting him at present.

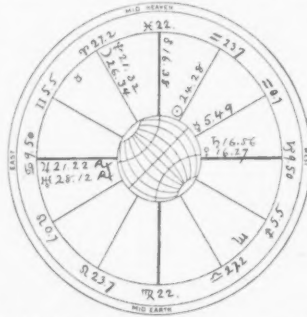
Ada B., N. Y.—You were born with Saturn rising in the zodiacal sign Aries, and should be of middle stature, sanguine complexion, brown hair. You have an excellent disposition, but are sometimes inclined to be morbid. You are very original, and have odd ways that sometimes surprise your friends and companions; and are inclined to argument and rather stubborn in regard to your own opinions. You are fond of pleasure and amusement, and are generally cheerful and merry, and very bright and amusing; fond of music and singing. You have every promise of the stars for good health and a long life, though you will be subject to headache. You are fond of travel, and are likely to make many short journeys, and traveling is favorable with you. There is nothing to indicate that you will not lead a fairly successful and fortunate life, though, with Saturn in the Ascendant, you will not always be prosperous. You will be particularly fortunate



in regard to your friends, who will be faithful and of service to you whenever you need their aid. You will probably marry young, your husband being described as tall, but not stout, round face, dark complexion, brown hair, large eyes; in disposition ambitious and energetic, passionate, quick-tempered, just-minded. You are inclined to be over-generous and careless in regard to your expenses; and if this be not curbed in you, your married life will not be comfortable. You had a very easy infancy, with sickness or other evil periods at 2, 6-8 and 13 years; and you had some sickness or trouble in the summer of this year—July or August. There is nothing threatening you at present.

"Jupiter," Tenn.—You chose an appropriate title by which to recognize your Horoscope, as you were born with "Jupiter" rising in the zodiacal sign Cancer in conjunction with Herschel and opposition to Saturn and Venus. This combination will be pretty certain to give you a varied and interesting life, full of odd complications and out-of-the-way occurrences. And, as you have Neptune and the Moon in the Mid-Heaven, in conjunction—you have, altogether, an unusual Horoscope. You are not above medium height, and I should think you would be stout, with pale complexion, brown hair, probably brown eyes, oval face; good-natured and obliging, but easily offended. You have not a very strong memory, and you are

probably somewhat inclined to drink. You are headstrong, jealous; not interested in religion or literature. Traveling by water is dangerous for you—but you will have a great deal to do with liquids, in one way or another. You are fond of sport and amusement; and, in a general way, very fortunate, though you will have sudden and unexpected downfalls and losses. You will get on very well in life—without ever being rich. You



are likely to change your occupation often, and you will usually better yourself by so doing. You may very probably gain by legacy, but you certainly will not by marriage; and marriage, anyhow, does not seem favorable in your Horoscope, nor does it seem probable; certainly not early in life. You are not of an economical nature, and marriage would not work well with you, so far as subsistence is concerned. You will do best in regard to success through the aid of friends; will be very little successful through your own efforts. You probably have a mole or birthmark on the breast, and a scar or mark on one of your feet. Just now you are under very favorable aspects, and will continue so until the end of 1896; this is, therefore, a good time for you to "make hay while the sun shines." Get established in position, and then stay there.

P. M. M., Ill.—You were born with Saturn and the Sun rising, in conjunction, in Scorpio, and should be of middle stature, compact body, stout, broad shoulders, full face, dark complexion, brown hair inclined to curl. In your nature magnetic and attractive, sharply intelligent, courageous, firm, self-reliant. You are liable to accidents while traveling—especially by water. In a general way, you should be successful in life, and fortunate in obtaining what you most wish, and in the fruition of your hopes. Whatever evil aspects you had at birth affect yourself personally, rather than your fortune. You are inclined to be extravagant, and to spend much on dress and personal adornment. Still, this will not interfere greatly with your condition. You ought to be gifted intellectually; and, if you were a man, would make a good physician or chemist. You have a very clear insight into practical matters. You are very likely to be somewhat impetuous, and I should think you

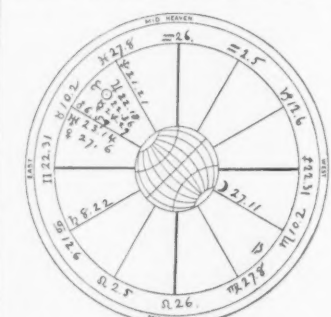


would be interested in the drama, and have a good deal of originality and fancy. Your weakness seems to lie in lack of discretion; you have Scorpio in the Ascendant, and are ruled by Mars, in opposition to Jupiter. You are witty, and you doubtless have a good head for figures. Your health should be good, and you will live long; your troubles will be of the kidneys and bladder, and throat disorder. Your husband is described as being very much of your own appearance—dark, not tall, strongly built. You probably married when you were twenty-two or twenty-three, when Jupiter came to the conjunction of Venus in your Horoscope. You have nothing unfortunate immediately facing you.

W. V. M., Ill.—This little girl was born with the sign Aries rising; and,

like her mother, is governed by the planet Mars. Still, she will not resemble either of her parents, physically, but will be much lighter, though also stout, with brown hair, and blue or gray eyes. She has a very favorable nativity for health and a long life. She may have some feverish disorders, but is marked out for a generally healthy constitution. She is also favored by Fortune, and is not likely ever to suffer from want of anything in reason that she cares for. She is gifted with a very bright mind, will be quick-witted, an excellent student, will learn languages with ease. She will have a quick temper, and will take offense easily, but will get soon over it. She will be fond of music, singing, and art generally. She is largely controlled by Jupiter, and will have the broad, noble nature conferred by that planet. She is very likely to marry young—a man described as being of large stature, broad shouldered, not stout, with brown hair, and a rather stern countenance; marriage is shown to be unfortunate in her case. She must have had a bad time when she was about three years old, but has been easy to rear, as a rule, and appears to have no disastrous period impending.

W. H. S., Portland, Ore.—This gentleman was born in the zodiacal sign Gemini, with nearly all the planets rising—a promising arrangement, which is interfered with, however, by the fact that he has Saturn in the Ascendant, in evil aspect to the Moon. He should be rather tall, good sized, dark complexion, brown curling hair, oval face; of a restless, ambitious disposition, good wit, and intellectually very bright. He is interested in literature, science and art, and should be skilled in some such direction. He would be likely to lead a very varied life, and



to have a good many unusual experiences. Would probably change his business or profession frequently, but would always tend in an intellectual direction, and toward some vocation requiring natural aptitude, as well as acquired skill. He is unfortunate in being largely under influence of Saturn, badly aspected. He would have a great deal of ill success to contend with, and much financial trouble and misfortune. He is indicated to marry a woman of much personal charm, somewhat fleshy, fair complexion, light-brown hair; an agreeable and captivating person. He would hardly be contented, however, in the marriage state. His health would suffer from throat diseases and from gravel, and other similar disorders, but he would doubtless have a long life. He will have some sickness a year from this November; not necessarily serious.

GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES
The World's Best

You can easily have the best if you only insist upon it. They are made for cooking and heating in every conceivable style and size for any kind of fuel and with prices from \$10 to \$70. The genuine all bear this trade mark and are sold with a written guarantee. First-class merchants everywhere handle them.

MADE BY The Michigan Stove Company.
LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF STOVES AND RANGES IN THE WORLD
DETROIT, CHICAGO, BUFFALO, NEW YORK CITY.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

WHAT PAUL BOURGET THINKS OF MEN, WOMEN AND THINGS IN AMERICA.

THERE is no society in America like there is in France or as there is in England.

At Boston the people ask you what you know; at New York, how much money you are worth; at Philadelphia, who are your parents.

The intensity of culture is more general and more violent in Boston, the frenzy of luxury stronger in New York; in Chicago there is more imitation and more uncertainty in the research of that which is proper.

I have seen in the theatre of the latter town ladies in the act of going behind the scenes to salute an actor at the instigation of one of the gentlemen accompanying them. Then as a person from Boston refused to join in the incursion behind the scenes, they sat down again with that look in their eyes expressive of the thought:

"So that is not the right thing! . . ."

A man who looks with too much attention at a woman who is alone is so ill regarded that even the coarsest "tough" would not risk it. What am I saying? They do not even think of it, so thoroughly is the equality of the two sexes established.

And it goes, that equality, from small to great. You visit a public school and you see the girls working with the boys, and the lessons given indifferently by a man or a woman. You enter into the laboratory of a university; young women are bent over the microscopes side by side with the students. You receive a reporter who comes without giving a name from one of the big newspapers; it is a woman who asks to interview you. You are searching for the address of a doctor, and you may observe that the number of women practitioners equals that of the men, or, if not equals, is great enough for the exercise of that profession to be no longer an exception with them. You go into a law court. The secretary who draws out the warrants is a woman. Women are lawyers. Women are pastors of several churches.

There is not in all the United States an entirely nude statue. Quite recently the people of Boston have refused to accept for the facade of the new library two children by the great sculptor St. Gaudens, because they were without clothes. The municipality of Chicago forced another artist to clothe a Hebe, destined for a fountain, which he had made without draperies.

Precisely because the young American girl does not turn all her imagination around the problems of love and sentiment, her character contains more numerous shades than that of her sisters in

Europe. Those latter await to develop themselves the moment when their hearts have spoken and when the influence of man has commenced to shape them. The American woman exists by herself. She knows it. She wills it so. She is proud of it. She has nothing in common with the Galatea of the Pagan myth, who receives all from Pygmalion, from the expression of her beauty to the flame of her soul.

One of them, a blonde, with blue and rather chaffing eyes, of those eyes in which there is tenderness and irony, with a clever nose, witty and impertinent at the same time, told me between two smiles of her beautiful teeth, in which not a morsel of gold shone:

"Mother says that love is like a toothache. Up to now I have never had any use for the dentist. I shall never marry but a very rich man. The rest will come when it can, or perhaps it will not come at all. At present I have a bidder at \$5,000,000. So there is no hurry . . . and dreamily, "above all things I would like to be a widow; I have always dreamt of losing my husband on the day of our marriage. I should thus have fewer regrets, knowing him the less. I would like on the day of the wedding, in descending from church, to see him fall down at my feet. It is so nice to be a young widow. . . ."

The most artless of these types of young girls, and to my mind the most touching, for reasons which I shall name is "The Beauty." There are two or three of them for every town, and their royalty is so well established that you receive notes couched in the following terms: "Come to tea the day after to-morrow to meet Miss X., the Richmond beauty." I have taken Richmond at random. You can in its place put Savannah, Charleston, Albany, Providence, Buffalo, any city of the North or South which may suit you.

"The Beauty," to merit her title, must be beautiful indeed, of that dazzling beauty which in a ball, at a dinner, at the theatre, extinguishes that of all the other women. She must be tall and very well built, so that the lines of her face and of her figure be favorable to those reproductions of which the newspapers and their readers are so fond. She must know how to dress with that gorgeousness which is here inseparable from elegance.

It is she, also, who has organized a course of high kicking at her house, or of the art of throwing up the foot as high as possible. She holds the record of 6 feet 3 inches, one which none of her friends have so far been able to break.

"What a pity it is," she said, "that you cannot see me kick, and you know, without bending the knee!"

It is she who, dining without her mother at the house of one of her young lady friends, asks you for a cigarette and smokes four of them straight off the reel and cries out:

"And to think that I should have to go to Jessie's to swallow a few puffs of straight cut!"

When the young American woman has noticed a young man she does not rest satisfied, as ours would, to dream of him timidly.

She has always a convenient friend whom she sends to him: "Miss N. would like to make your acquaintance; come and I will introduce you to her." It is regularly another young girl who plays this part of the intermediary. She goes further.

"Why don't you make love to Mamie? She is charming, I assure you. I will help you. I think you please her."

She does not think it, she knows it, for Mamie has taken her as a confidante and intrusted her with that message.

Well or ill balanced, coquette or sentimental, learned or tomboy, intriguing or simple, the young American girl is, above all things, a complete little universe, which has formed, which has grown outside of all masculine influence.

Home life exists much less in the United States than elsewhere. A thousand signs reveal this sort of dispersion of the American hearth. First of all, the facility of traveling, and more, perhaps, the quantity of rich people who lead that hotel life, almost unintelligible for Europeans, and in particular for the French.

This singular and mobile way of living exaggerates itself as one goes westward. Travelers say out there that certain towns are composed entirely of poor shanties grouped around a big hotel. It is there in that caravansary, mounted with that excessive luxury which the new rich delight in, that the commencements of those social lives bud forth, which will bloom later in the great centres on the coasts of the Atlantic.

There has been a concurrence of State laws to facilitate divorce. The joke has often been made that the porters of the trains were wont to cry out:

"Chicago, twenty minutes! Ample time for a divorce!"

It is a simple enlarging on a true fact—viz., that according to certain codes of the West the rupture of the marital tie is not much more complicated than the purchase of a piece of land.

CHESS AND CHECKERS.

CHESS BY THE MASTERS.

The following two games, recently contested in the Leipzig tournament, are a fair sample of the strategy resorted to in this memorable contest:

FRENCH DEFENSE.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Janowsky.	Teichmann.	Janowsky.	Teichmann.
1 P-K 4	P-K 3	17 B-Q	P-K 5
2 P-Q 4	P-Q 4	18 B-B 2	P-Q R 5
3 Kt-Q B 3	Kt-K B 3	19 P-Q R 3	P x B P
4 B-K 5	B-K 2	20 P x P	Q-B 2
5 P-K 5	K-K Q 2	21 P-K Kt 4	Q-B 3
6 B x B	Q x B	22 Q-K 2	K-B
7 Kt-K 5	Q-Q	23 Kt-K 5	Kt-K 3
8 P-Q B 3	P-Q R 3	24 B-B 3	Q-K 2
9 Kt-Q R 3	P-Q B 3	25 R-Q Kt	R-Q R 3
10 P-K B 4	Kt-Q B 3	26 K x P	P x P
11 Kt-B 3	P-B 5	27 R-K K 3	Q-K 2
12 Kt-B 2	P-Q K 4	28 R-R 3	R-K Kt
13 B-K 2	P-Q R 4	29 K-R	R-K 2
14 Castles	Castles	30 Q-R Kt	Q-B
15 Kt-K 3	Q-K 3	31 Kt x P ch	Resigns.*
16 Q-Q 2	P-K R 4		

* It is really peculiar how Teichmann could play so weak a game. Of course, Janowsky has shown himself to be a clever expert and a man who can take advantage of the weakness in the adversary's position.

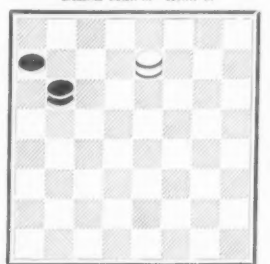
RUY LOPEZ.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Zinkl.	Janowsky.	Zinkl.	Janowsky.
1 P-K 4	P-K 4	25 P-B 4	P-K B 4
2 Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	26 Q-Q 2	Kt x Kt
3 B-K 5	P-Q 3	27 Q x Kt	P-B 5
4 B-R 4	P-Q 3	28 B-Q 2	P-K 5
5 Castles	B-Q 2	29 Q-B 3	Q-K 2
6 P-B 3	P-K K 3	30 K-B	B-B
7 P-Q 3	B-K 2	31 K-K 2	P-B 5
8 B-K 3	P-B 5	32 R-R	B-Q 2
9 Kt-K	P-K K 4	33 K-Q 3	K-B 2
10 Kt-Q 2	Kt-K 2	34 Kt-K 2	P-K 6
11 B-B 2	Kt-K 3	35 P x P	P x P
12 Kt-K 3	P-K 4	36 K-R 6	B-K 4
13 P-B 3	Kt-B 5	37 Q-B	R-K 3
14 Q-Q 2	B-K 3	38 R-R Kt	K-R R 2
15 B-B 2	P-R 4	39 R-Q	Q-R R
16 P-Q R 4	P-K 3	40 Q-R	Q-K 3
17 P-Q 4	B-B 5	41 Q-B	Q-R 4
18 P-Q 5	Kt-K 2	42 R-Q B	B-R 6 (1)
19 Q-R Q	Kt-K 2	43 P x B	P x B
20 Kt-B	B-K 3	44 P x B	Q-K 5 (1)
21 B-K 3	Kt x B	45 Q x P	Q-K 7
22 Kt-K Kt	Kt-B 5	46 Q-K 3	Q x Kt P ch
23 Q-B 2	Q-Q 2	47 Resigns.	
24 P-Q K 3	B-B 3		

CHECKER PROBLEM BY STURGES.

FOR BEGINNERS.

BLACK MAN 5. KING 9.



WHITE KING 7.

White to move and draw. Can you solve it?

WHAT OUR SUBSCRIBERS SAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

DEAR SIR—I wish to write a few words of praise for the remarkable progress you have made in the character and style of your valuable paper.

I have been a subscriber for the past four years, and I have always derived much pleasure from its perusal. From time to time I have observed a marked improvement in the reading matter and general quality of your novels, particu-

larly during the last year or so. The leading articles possess snap and vigor, accuracy and reliability—qualities that a reputable newspaper should endeavor to make the fundamental principle of its management.

I must frankly admit that for the price ONCE A WEEK in every respect is unsurpassed and without a rival. Wishing you continued success and prosperity,

I remain, H. S. THOMPSON,
San Francisco, Cal.

I have been a reader of your paper for some time and consider it one of the best among my lot, and with the premiums and novels unexcelled. I wish you a long and prosperous journey.—J. L. BUNDY, Laurinburg, N. C.



BY "A BLUE APRON."

CHOCOLATE CAKE: A NEW ENGLAND RECIPE.—Materials required: One and one-quarter cup of sugar, three eggs, one small cup of sour cream, one even cup of flour, one tablespoonful of vanilla, one teaspoonful of baking soda, one-quarter of a pound of unsweetened chocolate, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Beat the yolks of the eggs, add the sugar, flour and half the cream, then the whites beaten to a stiff froth. Stir in the vanilla and soda dissolved in hot water. Lastly grate the chocolate and beat it with the remaining half of the cream; add to the mixture and

bake all in shallow tins. For filling: Make a frosting by boiling one cup of granulated sugar and one tablespoonful of water until it boils. Beat the white of one egg to a froth. Then whisk in the sugar until the mixture is cold. Spread between the layers of cake and over the top.

CREAM SUCCOTASH: A NEW ENGLAND RECIPE.—Take six ears of raw corn and with a knife split the kernels of each row. Cut them off with a sharp knife, then scrape out all that remains with the point of the blade. Put the corn in a stewpan with half a cup of milk. Let it boil for ten minutes. Have ready an equal quantity of lima beans boiled after the usual manner. Drain the beans quite dry. Add them to the corn, season with pepper, butter and salt, and add one-half cup of rich cream just before serving.

WHERE TO FIND GAME.

WHERE to find game is oftentimes a perplexing question. The sportsman who strikes a good spot generally keeps the information as close as possible, in order to enjoy exclusive privileges.

Along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Virginia and West Virginia, such places are numerous, and it is remarkable how little they are known. The mountain streams abound in gamey fish. The South Branch of the Potomac is considered the best black bass fishing stream in America; the Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela Rivers are all excellent fishing streams. The hills and valleys adjacent are fairly alive with game—partridge, wild turkey, grouse, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrel are plentiful, and in the back country thirty or forty miles from the railroad, deer and bear can be found.

Good hotels are convenient, and horses and guides can be secured at reasonable rates.

For circular showing fishing and gunning resorts reached by the R. & O. R. R. address Chas. O. Seall, Gen'l Pass. Agent, R. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.

Women suffer more than Men
from
Headaches.
With
BROMO-SELTZER
in the house
HEADACHES are unnecessary.



A HEALTHY MAN

In the accompanying illustration is seen the picture of a healthy man. Every facial feature indicates a sound physical condition. Dissipation holds no place here. With sparkling eyes, ruddy complexion and rosy cheeks, this man betrays no evidence of ever being wheedled and charmed by forbidden pleasures. Many a "wild out" has he seen, however, but his present healthy condition was restored through the aid of a remarkable and most effective prescription which I send absolutely free of charge. There is no hunting or advertising catch about this. Any good druggist or physician can put it up for you, as everything is plain and simple. I cannot afford to advertise and give away this splendid remedy unless you do me the favor of buying a small quantity from me direct or advise your friends to do so. But you may do as you please about this. You will never regret having written me as the remedy restored me to the condition shown in illustration after everything else had failed. Correspondence strictly confidential, and all letters sent in plain envelope. Enclose stamp if convenient. Address E. H. HUNGERFORD, Box A355, Albion, Mich.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. T. A. Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

ARCHITECTURE

Mechanics, Steam Eng'ring, Electricity, Mechanical Drawing, R. R. and Bridge Eng'ring, Plumbing, Heating, Mining, English Branches. Send for Free Circular, stating subject wish to study or your trade. CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF INDUSTRIAL SCIENCES, SCRANTON, PA.



Pianos and Organs.

Shipped anywhere in 30 days trial subject to approval at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. A \$400 "Kenwood" Piano for \$175.00 A \$175 " " Organ for \$50.00 A \$100 " " Organ for \$25.00

We also have Pianos as low as \$145 and Organs as low as \$27.50. Large Catalogue illustrating and describing these and other popular styles free.

CASH BUYERS' UNION, 100 West Van Buren St., B 47 Chicago, Ill.



DEAFNESS

and head noises relieved by using WILSON'S CORROS SENSITIVE EAR DRUMS. Entirely new, scientific invention; different from all other devices; the only safe, simple, comfortable, and invisible ear drum in the world. Hundreds are being benefited where medical skill has failed. No string or wire attachment to irritate the ear. Write for pamphlet. WILSON'S EAR DRUM CO., 102 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky.



"You're next, sir!"

IRRESPECTIVE OF PRICE, THE BEST—TRIAL PROVES IT!

"NATIONAL" Typewriter.

STANDARD KEYBOARD. PERFECT MANIPULATOR. SIMPLEST, STRONGEST. Does MANY COLOR WORK.

\$60

The most complete writing machine made. Ask for **SPECIAL OFFER** to **ONCE A WEEK** readers. Good until Nov. 1, 1894. Catalogue "13." Free.

National Typewriter Co., 23d and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.



EXTRA QUALITY **AN AMERICAN GOLD FILLED WATCH**

In Appearance, and the BEST Time-piece in the World for the Money.

WARRANTED 5 YEARS.

CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address and we will send this beautiful watch to you by express. You examine it at the express office and if you think it a bargain and the fine watch you ever saw for the money, pay the express agent. Our Special Sample Price \$2.50, and it is yours. We are offering this watch at this extraordinary price as an advertisement to introduce the watch, therefore send in your order at once as **This Advertisement May Not Appear Again**. The watch is beautifully engraved, has enamel dial, jeweled balance, oil tempered hairspring and all the latest improvements that go to make a watch desirable and reliable as a timekeeper. **FREE**—With every watch we will send absolutely free of charge a beautiful gold plate chain and charm. Write to-day, while this offer holds good. Address

THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING COMPANY, 334 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

McALLISTER MFG. OPTICIAN 49 NASSAULT NEW YORK.

FOR **MAGIC LANTERNS, STEREOPTICONS, AND MANY THOUSANDS OF VIEWS, ILLUSTRATED, ENTERTAINMENT HOME INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS CHURCH & SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK, COLLEGE SECRET SOCIETIES**

SEND FOR 265 PAGE CATALOGUE FREE. A PROFITABLE BUSINESS FOR MAN WITH SMALL CAPITAL.

VILLA MARIA ACADEMY, 139 E. 79th Street, corner Lexington Avenue, NEW YORK CITY.

This institution, under the direction of the Nuns of the Congregation de Notre Dame (Montreal), is a select and limited school for young ladies desirous of pursuing any branch of higher education. A special inducement is here offered to those who would acquire a thorough and practical knowledge of the French language. Drawing, Painting, Vocal Music, Type-writing and Stenography taught by Professors holding Testimonials of Superior ability from many of the American Clergy. There is also in Elementary Course. A few young lady boarders can be accommodated in the Convent. Reopens September 8. For terms and particulars apply to

References required.

THE LADY SUPERIOR.



ONCE A WEEK BINDER.

Will Hold 52 Copies of the Paper.

Price, \$1.00. Sent postage prepaid. Cash must accompany order.

A Pure Norwegian

oil is the kind used in the production of Scott's Emulsion—Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda are added for their vital effect upon nerve and brain. No mystery surrounds this formula—the only mystery is how quickly it builds up flesh and brings back strength to the weak of all ages.



Scott's Emulsion

will check Consumption and is indispensable in all wasting diseases.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

To Opponents OF The Single-Tax

You judge of our reform without complete understanding of our principle or our position. There is only one national exponent of the single-tax, and that is

The Single-Tax Courier,

W. E. BROOKAW, Editor.

Price \$1 a Year.

Subscribe For It,

Read It, Then

Criticise Us!

SHERIDAN WEBSTER, Manager. 810 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

MUSICAL CLOCK & Box Combler. Runs 9 days, keeps perfect time & furnishes constantly all the most charming & popular tunes. Plays anything from a simple song to a difficult waltz or concert selection. To introduce it, one in every county or town furnished reliable persons (either sex) who will promise to show it. Enclose stamps to Inventor's Co., New York City, P. O. Box 22328.

WILL \$1200 MEET YOUR WANTS?

If so, you can make \$1200 to \$2000 this year working for us. Ladies can do as well as gentlemen. Address S. I. BELL & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES HAY-FEVER PRICE 50 CENTS. ALL DRUGGISTS

A WOMAN'S SUCCESS I have made \$25 a week at home. Instructions FREE to lady readers send stamp. No running. REG. J. A. HANING, Box E, ASA, OHIO.

LYRACELLO. An Eolian Harp that fits any window. Four strings and tuning parts complete. By mail for \$1.00. ACME TOY CO., Jersey City, N. J.

WE WANT 1,000 MORE AGENTS, GOODS SELL THEMSELVES. \$4 to \$8 a Day. Profit \$100 a month SURE. Write us. We want to tell you all about it. THE WEEKLY RECORDER, New York.

FAT **FOLKS** reduced, 15 lbs. a month. A safe Herbal remedy. Miss M. Ainley, Supply, Ark., writes, I lost 45 lbs. and feel splendid. **Free Trial Box** and particulars (sealed) 4 cents. HALL CO. Box G, 404 St. Louis, Mo.

\$3 A DAY SURE Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day, absolutely sure, we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully. remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure—don't fail to write today. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., BOX 3, DETROIT, MICH.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief **ASTHMA** Price 35 cts. y mail. Stowell & Co. Harlestown, Mass.

DRUNKENNESS IS A DISEASE! It can be cured by administering **Dr. Haines' Golden Specific**. It can be given without the knowledge of the patient. If desired, in coffee, tea or articles of food. Cures guaranteed. Send for circulars. **GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.** **ES The Only Cure. Beware of Imitators.**

TALKS WITH MOTHERS.—No. 2. HAPPY BABYHOOD.

Every mother wants her baby to thrive, because a healthy child is a happy child. The question of how the baby shall be fed is demanding the attention, as never before, not only of the mothers in the land, but of the entire medical profession also, because it is now realized how much the health of a child can be influenced by proper nutrition during the years of babyhood. As the result of the improper feeding of the infant, the vitality of the child is impaired, and he grows up weak and puny. In these days when artificial food is being so generally resorted to for infants, the demand for a substitute for mother's milk has brought out many foods for which great claims are made. Gustav Mellin, an English chemist, was the first to discover and combine the requisite properties necessary for an artificial food, and with his discovery the rational feeding of infants commenced.

Mellin's Food is the only perfect substitute for mother's milk, and it has done more to make babies strong and healthy than anything else that has ever been invented. Mellin's Food possesses all the requisite heat and flesh producing and bone-forming constituents necessary to give a child health, vigor and vitality. Infants are exceedingly fond of it and thrive upon it when nothing else can be retained upon the stomach. If they have been weak, fretful and troublesome they become happy, healthy and active; bright eyes, rosy cheeks, firm muscles and a strong constitution are the inevitable results of using this excellent preparation. Mellin's Food, being highly nutritious and easily digested, is also perfectly adapted to the wants of invalids and convalescents.

• GIVE THE BABY •



THE ONLY **Perfect Substitute for Mother's Milk.** SEND for our book "The Care and Feeding of Infants," mailed free to any address. **DOLIBER-GOODALE CO., BOSTON, MASS.**

\$5.00 IN GOLD

Presented to any person sending Five Subscriptions to



The GREAT DEMOCRATIC WEEKLY of New York.

Containing timely, interesting matter relative to subjects

POLITICAL, SOCIAL AND HUMOROUS.

Subscription, postpaid, \$4.00 a year. Sample copies sent on application. Address

TAMMANY TIMES CO., Opposite Tammany Hall, New York City.

METAL POLISH



METAL POLISH

The above is a fac-simile of a box of the only genuine **HELMET BRAND POLISHING PASTE**. Refuse as worthless imitations, boxes with other helmets or without our name. For sale everywhere, or send three 3-cent stamps for large sample box, by mail, to the sole agents for United States, Canada and Mexico.

Adolf Gohring & Co., 180 Pearl St., N. Y.

Dixon's American Graphite Pencils write the smoothest—last the longest. Ask your dealer for them or send 16 cents for sample worth double the money. **JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.,** Box D 10, Jersey City, N. J.

\$750.00 A Year and all Expenses.

We want a few more General Agents, ladies or gentlemen, to travel and appoint agents on our new publications. Full particulars given on application. If you apply please send references, and state business experience, age and send photograph. If you cannot travel, write us for terms to local canvassers. Address S. I. BELL & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.